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DECEMBER 10, 1982

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
How to Scare Yale
Half to Death —see page 1572

NATIONAL REVIEW

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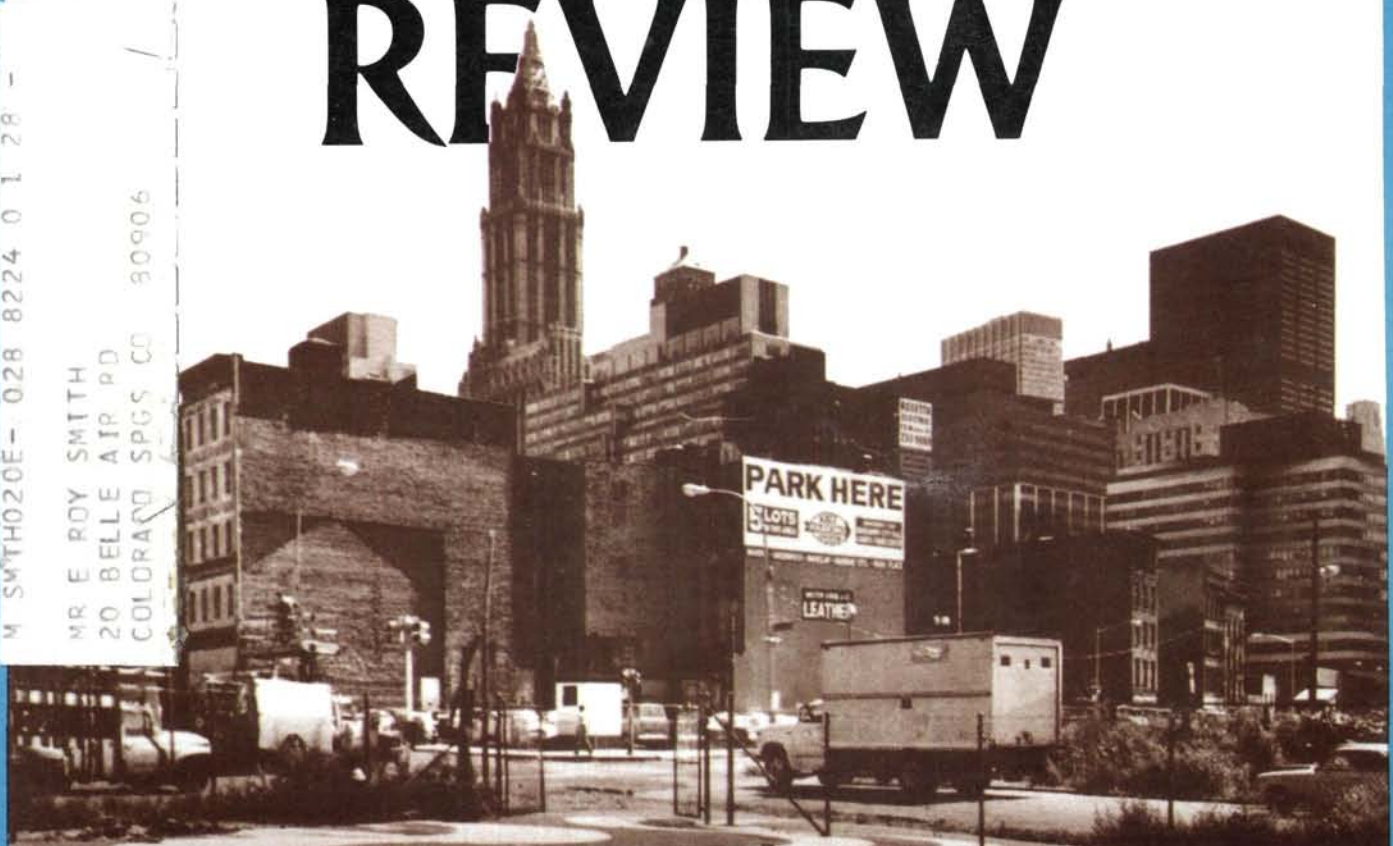

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My Client, the Celebrity *Victor Gold*

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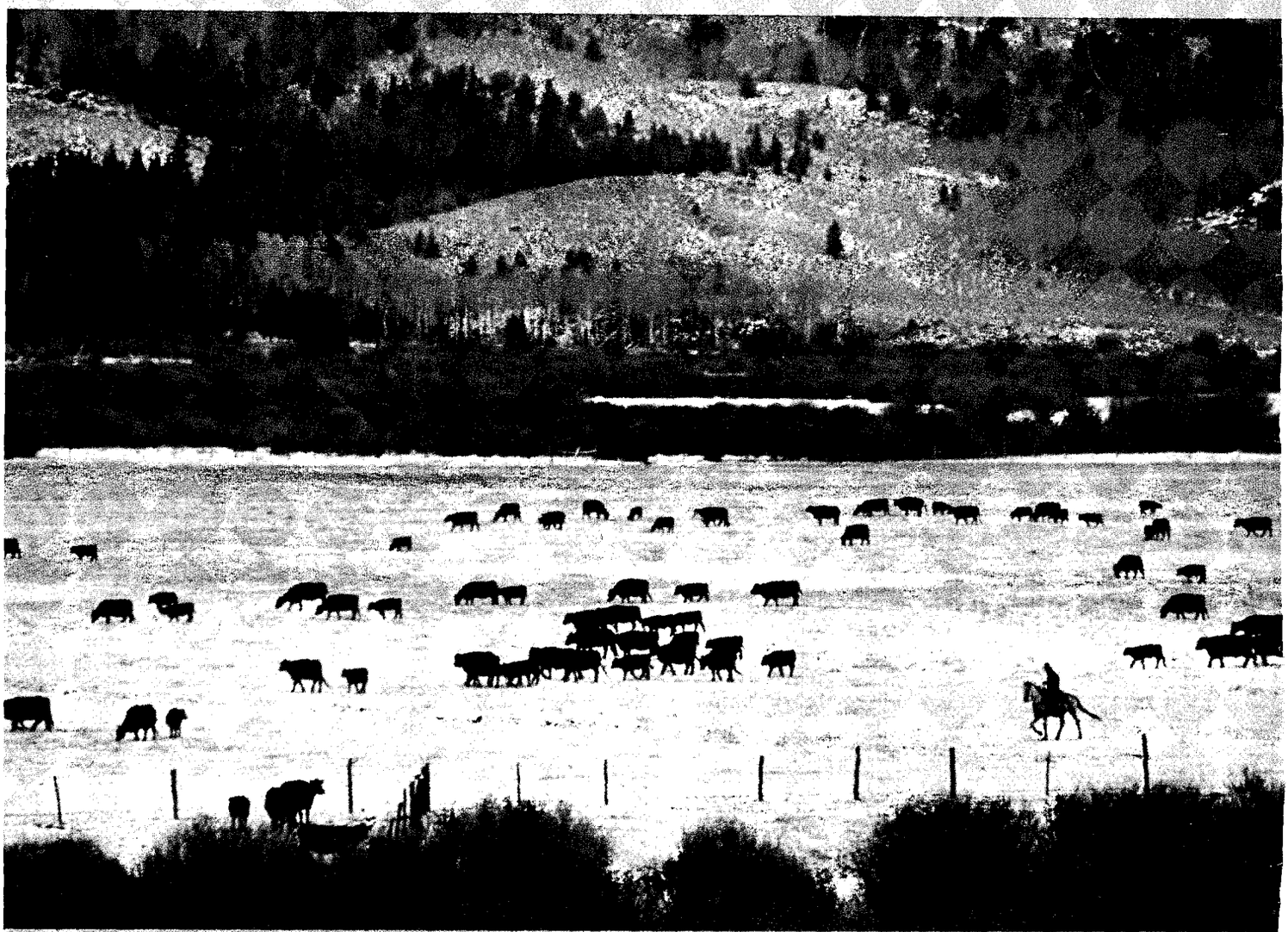

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 10, 1982
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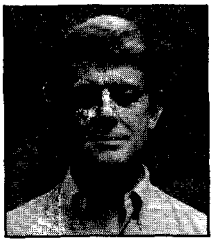

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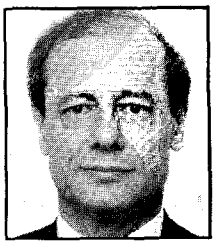

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The Cover

1537 Our Listless Universities
What's wrong? Has the radicalism of the Sixties given way to a new conservatism—or has it merely been institutionalized? The "youth culture" is now a real fact, and the culture of the West is no longer represented by the university. Stereos blare, kids couple casually, unrebuked save when they transgress the stern new code of egalitarianism. Hell yawns. *Allan Bloom*

Articles & Columns

1532 Lame Duck or Dead Duck?
Congress will reconvene for a last short session. Nothing will happen, but much may *seem* to happen. Which may be almost as bad.
John McLaughlin

1534 The Wave of Austerity
Nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. That doesn't necessarily mean it's a good idea.
Tom Bethell

1536 Nine Years (or so) After
We went to Paris, signed a treaty, and congratulated ourselves on reaching a negotiated settlement. By the way—how has Vietnam been doing?
Brian Crozier

1549 My Client, the Celebrity
Cleared by the shrinks, he was ready for the big time—Walters, Moyers, Donahue, the whole bit. All he needed was an agent wise in the ways of the media. *Victor Gold*

1554 Going Courting in Washington
If the Washington Legal Foundation has anything to say about it, John Hinckley may yet pay for his crimes. The foundation takes the view that if liberals want politicized courts, well, okay, boys. It has already shown that even hardened judges can be deterred, if not actually rehabilitated.
Mona Charen

Books Arts & Manners

1556 Irving Howe has written his autobiography, and even hot off the press, says **Joseph Sobran**, it has a remaindered air about it. Like most champions of new ideas, Howe has only one, and it's an old one. . . . And when you've devoured Howe, maybe you'd like a history of the Fund for the Republic. Not that **Alan L. Miller** likes it much. . . . *Bech Is Back*, and **Kenneth S. Lynn** finds it no laughing matter. . . . **Selden Rodman** follows a wild new novel (by Mario Vargas Llosa) to its tame conclusion. . . . Kurt Vonnegut doesn't need an idea for a book in order to write a book. **Jeffrey Brodrick** doesn't mind a bit. . . . *My Favorite Year* isn't **John Simon**'s favorite flick. . . . **Nika Hazelton** visits—you'll never guess who! . . . **D. Keith Mano** borrows a leaf from Simon Lynxx.

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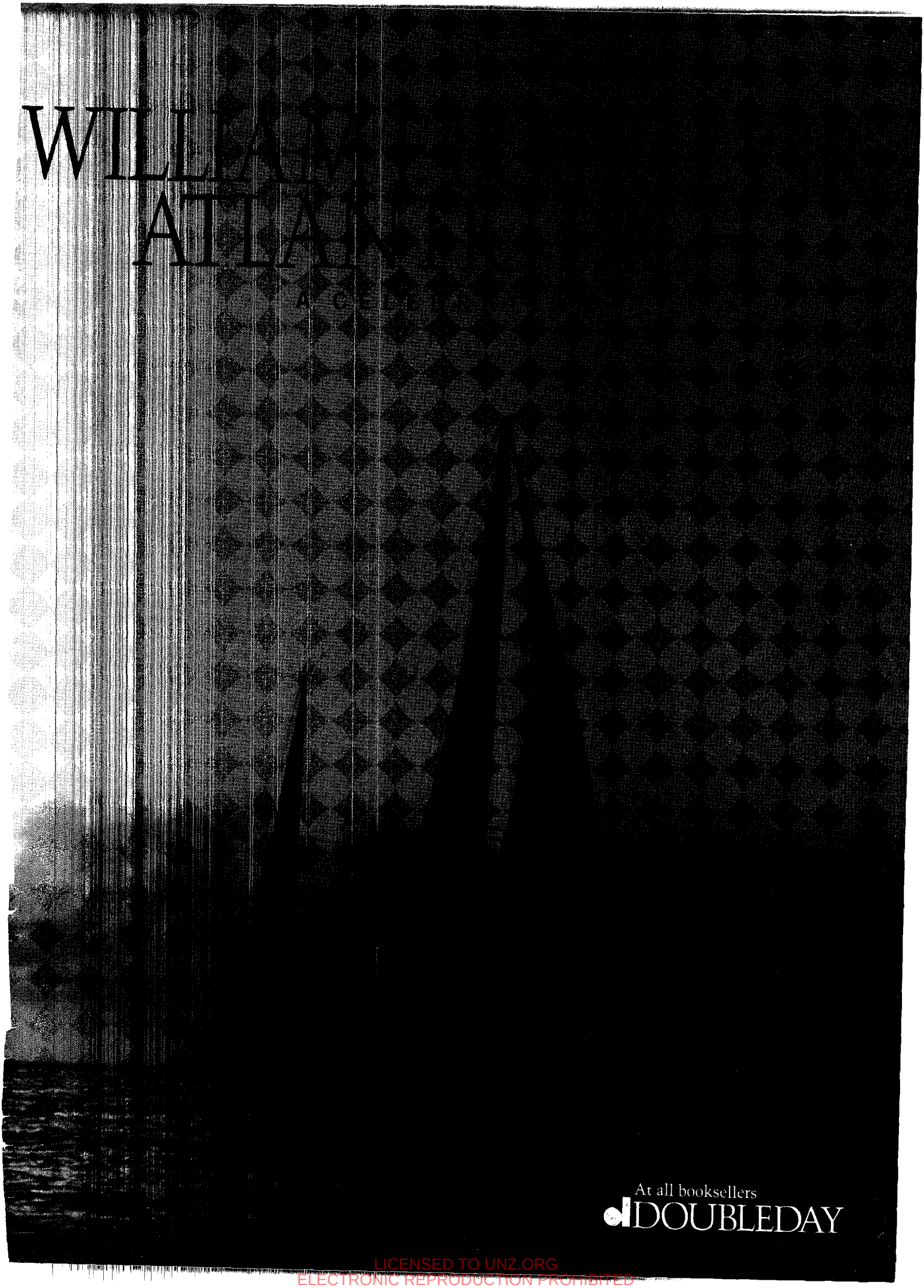

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Liberal Bishop Rag

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn has done an impressive job of tracing the historical significance of the Catholic bishops' liberalism, exposed in their recently proposed pastoral letter ["Bishops on the Brink," Nov. 26]. The bishops' position, like a fullback on a field hockey team, is purely defensive. Our government must play the forward line against Soviet opposition. While the bishops promote their stance on destructive nuclear weapons as provoking "new moral issues," the moral question I pose is why the Catholic bishops don't provide responsible backing for the U.S. position on nuclear deterrence.

Hugh R. Budner
Kansas City, Mo.

No Knox

Father Knox ["A Priest Looks Back on Vatican II," Nov. 12] states, "No doubt there would have been substantial losses anyway because of outside pressure during the sexual revolution . . ." Prior to Vatican II, although there had been a slight but constant relaxation of sexual mores, there was no sexual "revolution." But what sensient Catholics were looking for in Vatican II was an intelligent and meaningful relaxation of Church rules governing divorce and birth control. Millions of non-Catholic Christians were also looking to Vatican II for leadership on these matters. When the announcement was made that divorce and contraceptives remained absolutely banned, people in effect said, "Well, if we can't get leadership and there aren't venial or mortal sins anymore, we'll set our own path!" The result was the sexual and abortion movements, as *movements*. I agree with his other comments generally.

George C. Manning, MD
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Whose Standards?

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, defending the Pope's meeting with Arafat ["Israel, Arafat, and the Pope," Oct. 29], writes: "Morally, one should judge people not by one's own standards but by theirs." This proposition fails both morally and logically.

It fails morally because it implies that murder and terror are not immoral if he who practices murder and terror truly believes in them. But if these acts are not immoral, we not only cannot "condemn" them, we cannot, as Kuehnelt-Leddihn suggests, effectively "reject" them. For if they are not immoral, what right do we have to resist them? And if we can't resist them, what use is it to "reject" them?

It fails logically because it amounts to saying that the only sin is hypocrisy; when a person fails to live up to his own standards, we can then condemn him. But what if, like Lenin (and probably Arafat), he does not regard hypocrisy as wrong?

Daniel Wayne Fox
Arlington, Va.

Not Binding

Publishing Anthony P. X. Bothwell's "The Bishops and the Bomb" [Oct. 29] just two weeks before they met to debate the matter was as timely and useful as the bishops' own publication of the latest draft of their "Pastoral Letter on War and Peace" just before the elections and nuclear referendums.

Please add the following observations to Bothwell's good critique:

In whatever final form it may be adopted by the National Council of Catholic Bishops (NCCB), the letter will be an exercise of the *bishops'* (not the Church's) teaching authority and, as such, will *not* be morally binding on Catholics. The bishops' draft contains the *theological conclusions* or opinions of the committee of bishops that prepared it. However informed or erudite, theological opinions are not, *ipse dicta*, the formal, authoritative teaching of *the Church* requiring assent of the faithful. Practicing Catholics will take the bishops' conclusions into consideration in forming their *individual consciences*. But there is no question here of the imposition of a pre-digested moral view on the Catholic faithful.

The primary function of theologians is to establish and clarify *principles* of the Christian life. Whenever they go beyond the enunciation of principles to suggesting increasingly definitive solutions to individual moral dilemmas, they cease to be theologians. They become *casuists* or practitioners—a worthy domain, to be sure—but the domain of the *pastor* and ultimately of the *conscientious individual*.

Bothwell has placed his finger squarely on a tendency of liberals in the Church, as in government and society, to "override individual conscience and dictate specific courses of action"—a most unliberal and immoral stance.

Charles Fiore, OP
Madison, Wisc.

More McCartney

Close friends have brought to my attention a review in your Oct. 29 issue. I would be remiss if I did not extend kudos to Chilton Williamson Jr. for the perceptiveness in the selection of reviews for this publication. I was not only enthralled by the Mc-

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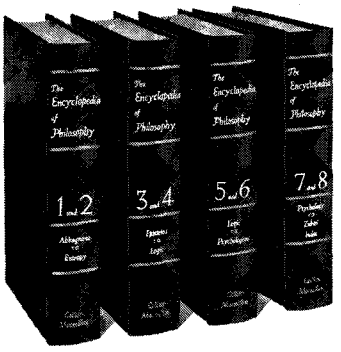

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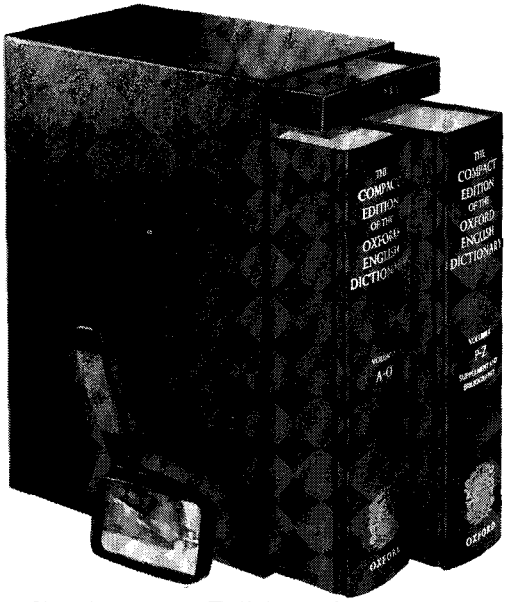

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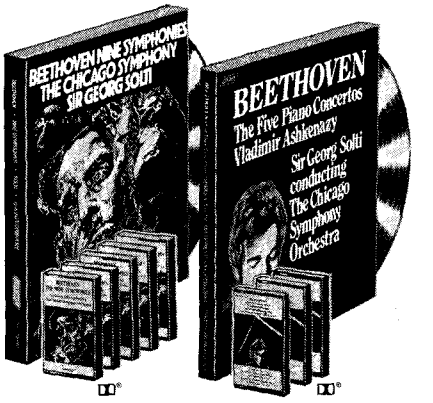
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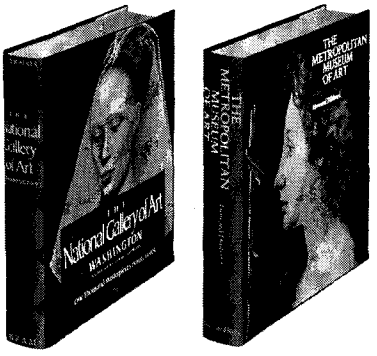

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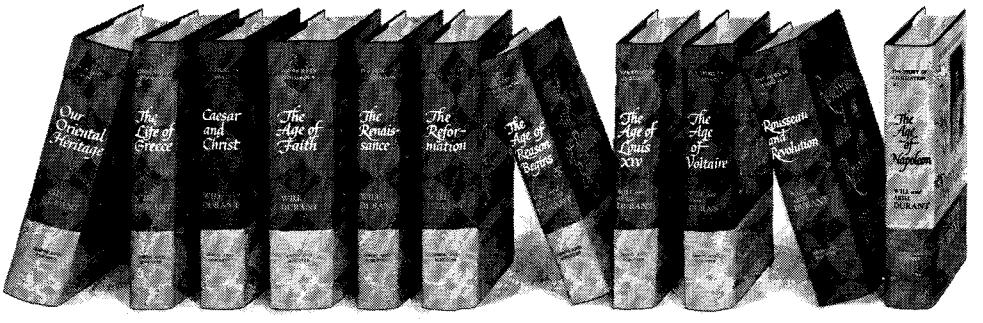

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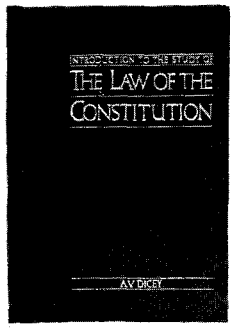

Introduction to the Study of The Law of the Constitution

By A. V. Dicey

Forward by Roger E. Michener

Dicey's classic study of the British Constitution and the rule of law was first published in 1885. In subsequent editions he tried to take account of intervening constitutional developments. The last edition Dicey himself prepared was the eighth, which appeared in 1915. This Liberty*Classics* volume presents that edition rather than later posthumous editions in which Dicey's own work was further updated by an editor. While Dicey's discussion of British law is of interest in its own right, his discussion of the concept of the rule of law will be of at least equal interest to contemporary readers.
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Cartney review ["At Waugh with Himself"] of Heath's volume on Evelyn Waugh and his writings, but also found it to be one of the finest that I have had the good fortune to study and to peruse repeatedly. The depth and charismatic treatment of this subject was superior and indicative of a truthful knowledge and understanding of it. What a welcome relief and departure from the awkward handling of much of the trashy and leftist material consistently reviewed by a large metropolitan newspaper in its book section. Let's have more McCartney!

L. Donnelly Betowski
Manhasset, N. Y.

Fielding Foiled

In John T. Fielding's letter [Oct. 29], he takes *NR* to task for its longstanding failure to run articles critical of our unenlightened and self-seeking military. He also points to my laudatory review of Colonel Harry Summers's book, *On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War* [Sept. 3], as an example of this mis-, mal-, or nonfeasance.

Until now I have always agreed with P. T. Barnum that "There's no such thing as bad publicity." Having my review of Colonel Summers's book linked with Mr. Fielding's letter has, however, given me pause—partly because I fail to see the connection between the two—but primarily because the substance of Mr. Fielding's letter is utter rubbish.

One need not look back as far as 1965 (when Mr. Fielding says he began reading *NR*) to find hard criticism of our military establishment in your pages: My review (published pseudonymously) of *Crisis in Command* (Sept. 27, 1978), my article on the volunteer army (March 6, 1981), and Senator William Armstrong's companion piece in the same issue are a few examples that come immediately to mind because I was directly involved with them. Other examples, I know, can be found by anyone sufficiently interested in thumbing through your back issues.

Joseph A. Rehyansky
Charlottesville, Va.

Hip-Hip . . .

Three cheers for Charles Kesler ["Jeane Kirkpatrick: Not Quite Right," Oct. 29]. Ideology VII has proved to be the most impressive thus far. Indeed, an ontological, trans-historical knowledge of man is the ultimate criterion by which to construct a social institution and the only viable guideline from which to launch reform and criticism, I do not hesitate to add that the future of Conservatism, and very probably that of Western Civilization, depends on a philosophical study of human nature in the tradition of Aristotle, St. Thomas, and Maritain. I think Mr. Kesler would agree.

D. R. Oakley
New York, N.Y.

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When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

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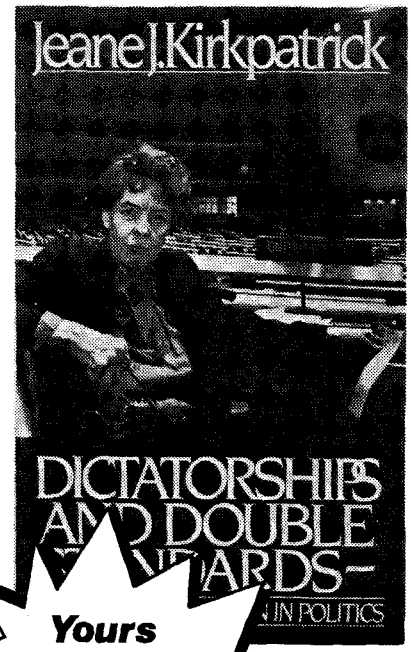

Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

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- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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". . . a (monthly) 40-page compendium of essays, satires, diatribes as well as acid-etched reviews of books, movies, and saloons (recent recommendation: Delisa's Bungalow Beer Garden in South St. Louis). **The Spectator**'s list of contributors reads like a **Who's Who** of the American Right and Center. Among them are Buckley, **Public Interest** co-editor Irving Kristol, Harvard Government Professor James Q. Wilson, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and social theorist Sidney Hook."

—Time Magazine

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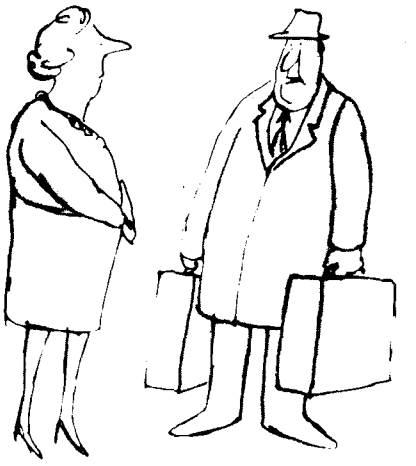
FOR THE RECORD

■ What to expect in the 98th Congress. It's not all bad, even in the House, where every one of the 39 conservative Democratic Boll Weevils won re-election, while one-quarter of the Gypsy Moths—the liberal Republicans who sided with **Tip O'Neill**'s Democratic leadership—went down to defeat. The most prominent of them were Reps. **Millicent Fenwick** and **David Emery**, who ran for Senate seats in New Jersey and Maine, and Reps. **Margaret Heckler** (Mass.), **Jim Dunn** (Mich.), and **Charles Dougherty** (Pa.). . . . Over on the Senate side, conservative **Harrison Schmitt** *lost, but the three Republicans* who squeaked through with paper-thin majorities were all liberal GOPers: **Danforth** in Missouri, **Chafee** (R.I.), **Durenberger** (Minn.). . . . **Kevin Phillips**, hardly an admirer of Reaganomics, doesn't think much of the Democratic victory in the House. "Never before in the post-1954 competitions has the party out of power—either one—scored such [historically] piddling gains in the face of massive and increasing unemployment," says Phillips. . . . The count is finally in on how some of the minor parties made out: **Barry Commoner**'s Citizens Party won ballot status statewide in Pennsylvania, getting more than 2 per cent of the vote in one race; Dr. **Benjamin Spock**'s old Peace and Freedom Party will stay on the ballot in California; the Socialist Party made it on the ballot in Wisconsin.

■ Rep. **Phil Gramm** of Texas, one of the most prominent and, easily, the most caustic of the Boll Weevils, is facing disciplinary action when the Democrats organize the 98th. If he should lose his slot on the Budget Committee, Gramm might switch teams. He has pollster **Lance Tarrance** checking out a possible switch on his constituency back home. . . . The really bad news is that



Martin, *Punch* Rothco

"It's my 65th birthday so I've packed up all my cares and woes in one bag and all my dreams and aspirations in the other and I'm headed for the dump."

Democratic Rep. **Ron Dellums** is slated for a subcommittee chairmanship on House Armed Services Committee next year. Dellums is against B-1, MX, Pershing, Trident, neutron bomb, and the Rapid Deployment Force. . . . On the Republican side Sen. **Richard Lugar** (Ind.) is quietly polling his colleagues. He'd like to replace Sen. **Bob Packwood** (Ore.) as chairman of Republican Senatorial Committee. . . . The Washington gag-of-the-week award goes to writer **Bob Orben**. When told that **Ronald Reagan** intended to crack down on the Mafia, he commented, "That's good. After all, he's put everything else out of business."

■ West German foreign affairs spokesman **Alois Mertes** has criticized the U.S. Catholic bishops for advocating U.S. renunciation of a nuclear first strike. That, says Mertes, "is a selective ethical view" that will weaken the credibility of the United States' nuclear deterrent in Europe. . . . In Spain, the Communist Party has finally dumped its longtime leader, **Santiago Carrillo**, as a result of the Party's miserable showing in recent elections. He'll be replaced by Executive Committee member **Gerardo Iglesias**. . . . And the latest splurge of U.S. flag burnings in Teheran has the CIA puzzled. Just where, it wonders, are the Iranians getting all those flags?

■ News on the Right: **Lewis Lehrman** has been named trustee of Heritage Foundation along with former Georgia congressman **Ben Blackburn** and businessmen **Jack Wrather** and **Robert Dee**. . . . A new free-market foundation, the **Ludwig von Mises** Institute for Austrian Economics, Inc., has set up shop in Washington (325 Penn. Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003) and will publish a scholarly journal and a newsletter. . . . **Bob Tyrrell**'s irrepressible *The American Spectator* has celebrated its 15th anniversary with a big, lively anniversary issue. . . . The next session of the National Journalism Center starts on Feb. 7 in Washington. It's a 12-week program, six weeks of study, six weeks of on-the-job training. Students are paid $100 a week. For info write: NJC, 401 C St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ *Daily World* (CPUSA) columnist **James E. Jackson** is really mad at *Freedomways* (Marxist) associate editor **John Henrik Clarke**, who recently defended U.S. policy in Africa. Writes Jackson in the white heat of anger: "You cannot clasp hands with the Pentagon and CIA without pocketing pieces of **Judas** silver. The only pot of gold to be found at the end of such a rainbow trail as Clarke has taken is but the tarnished glitter of Fool's Gold which will have all the value of Confederate money for buying a seat in history, on the knee of Master Charlie."

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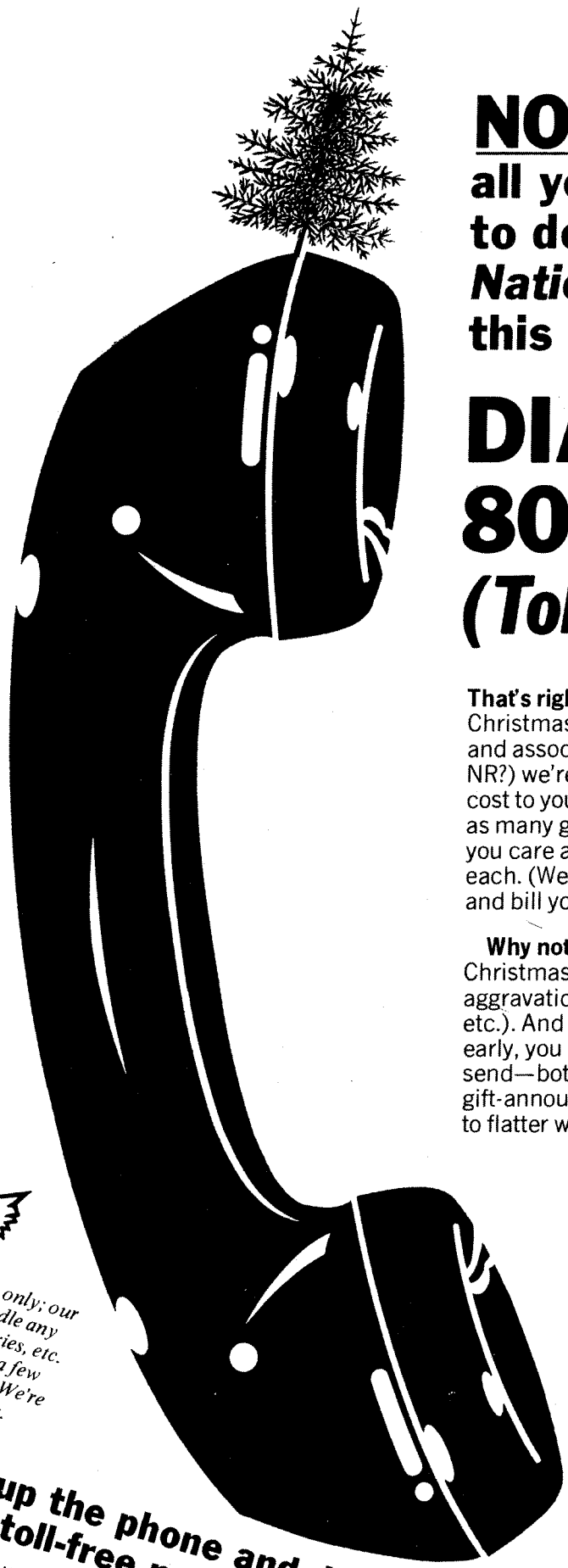

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And NR should make an ideal gift for those hard-to-please people on your list—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are coming back to the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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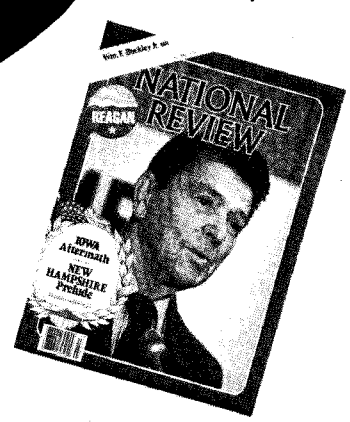

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THE WEEK

■ The Soviets actually released photos of the work in progress, and if our eyes do not deceive us, the welders are burning little tiny holes along thousands of miles of pipeline.

■ President Reagan's comments on unsavory participants in the nuclear-freeze campaign drew the usual criticism—McCarthyism—and an unusual one—his information, poor guy, came from *Reader's Digest*. *Reader's Digest*—get it? Well, neither do we. Does *Reader's Digest* not check its facts? Does it lack the even-handedness of the *Village Voice*? The intellectual depth of *Newsweek*? The tireless legwork of "Talk of the Town"? Or is it that some investigative journalists investigated something their ideologically blinkered peers do not consider worth pursuing—and their peers, unwilling to rebut, much less discuss, fall back on unfounded snobbery as a defense? Us, we're keeping our subscription, along with Susan Sontag.

■ Last month the House Democratic Caucus launched its response to Reaganomics: "BLECH!" It proposed instead to add $35 to $42 billion per year to the federal budget through a long-term economic policy that would produce only $30 to $40 billion of additional economic activity per year. The result is a net loss of $2 to $12 billion per year and a gain of 25 new or expanded federal spending programs; three new or expanded loan and loan-guarantee programs; three new government entities; one new White House post; a myriad of new government regulations; 12 new tax exemptions, deductions, or credits; and two new tax increases. It used to be known as the party of ideas.

■ The Naderites have discovered a new menace. Are you paying attention? THE NADERITES HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW MENACE!!! Formaldehyde. The Consumer Product Safety Commission, prodded by Ralph & Co., has found alarming formaldehyde fumes emanating from wall paneling and insulation and from lots of other everyday products. They say it's carcinogenic. On the other hand, the FDA and the EPA say it's nothing to worry about: it's been in use for a hundred years, even in toothpaste and nail polish, and it is emitted by vegetation and even human bodies, presumably including Ralph Nader's body. Then again, this could be just the pretext we need for banning Ralph altogether.

■ Wonderful news for all the eco-freaks who have been so terrified that burning fossil fuels is releasing so much carbon dioxide into the atmosphere that a "greenhouse effect" will change the world's climate, melt the polar icecaps, and flood the earth if we don't shut down all those useless factories and furnaces *now*. It has been found that termites, digesting vegetable matter, release twice as much carbon dioxide into the atmosphere as all of man's puny efforts put together.

■ Liberal efforts to enact rent-control laws at the local level are often thwarted by the opposition not of landlords but of homeowners. But why should homeowners care? What's in it for them? Real-estate consultant Kenneth Harney, whose column appears in the *Washington Post* and other newspapers, uncovered the answer in a study for the National Apartment Association. He found "a growing body of evidence—from local property assessors and academic researchers—that communities with rent-control systems pay for them by increasing taxes on homeowners." As rent control turns apartment complexes into slums, it cuts deep into the property-tax base, and cities make up the difference by raising the overall tax rate. Often the cause-and-effect relationship is quite direct: the apartment owners file petitions with the tax board for assessment reductions, and when the appeal is granted the city promptly hikes the tax rate to keep revenues constant. This happened in both 1980 and 1981, for example, in the New Jersey suburb of Parsippany-Troy Hills. In neighboring East Orange, the tax loss was $1.8 million in 1981, or $221 per homeowner; in Lindenwold, near Philadelphia, the loss was $470,000 in that year, or $155 per homeowner. Things are worse when the city government sells out completely to tenant activists, as in the case of Cambridge, Mass. There the total tax loss is more than $20 million, and a typically under-assessed homeowner can expect to be socked with a $1,002 tax increase the first year after revaluation.

■ A federal judge (doesn't your heart just sink when a sentence begins "A federal judge . . ."?) has, yes, struck down the draft-registration law on a technical-

They Can't Keep a Secret

Confide in a bosom companion.
  Confess to a preacher or priest.
Tell mother, in confidence, hubby
  Is being a terrible beast.
Swear Suzy to absolute silence.
  Tell Fifi or Frou-Frou or Flo.
But don't, if it's super top-secret,
  Let British Intelligence know.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The U.S. Catholic bishops came to town in mid-November, did their ecclesiastical darnedest to make "deterrence" a dirty word, resisted voting on the second draft of the proposed pastoral letter (the one they had before them), called for a rewrite, and departed for their home dioceses with the comforting knowledge that local media would take over from the Washington press corps the job of keeping inflated their mischievous ruminations on nuclear war. A quiet dispute still smolders here among political pundits as to whether the Administration was wise to attempt to rebut the bishops through Judge William Clark's brief defending nuclear deterrence—which, howsoever tightly reasoned, violated the mundane wisdom of Machiavelli that when a disturbance arises in the state, it is usually better to temporize with it lest, by counteracting, you only magnify its force.

Everything that can be reported on the bishops and the bomb has been reported except, possibly, the following. First, little wonder that the majority of the bishops approved the "thrust" of the pastoral. Even Catholics in the Administration—including William Clark, George Shultz, Edward Rowny (head of the U.S. arms-reduction talks in Geneva), and John Lehman (Secretary of the Navy)—would do that. The first fifty-odd pages of the letter were virtually unexceptionable as enlightened and updated just-war theology. It was the last ten pages, or fewer, that were the rub, i.e., those wherein the bishops compared the relative merits of weapons systems and technical specifics thereof. It was in that territory that they evinced no special competence or authority.

Second, the great majority of the bishops called for a third draft—an action that was construed by the left-leaning press as a triumph for the pacifists, whereas in fact it was demonstrably an expression of dissatisfaction and a demand for substantive reworking.

Third, the draft was excogitated, assembled, and promoted by the Reverend J. Bryan Hehir of the United States Catholic Conference (USCC), the incorrigible doctrinaire who has figured so prominently in other unfortunate national-security positions taken by the USCC. He was assisted by two senior lay consultants, Bruce Russet and Edward Doherty. Russet, an outside consultant, is the editor of the *Journal of Conflict Resolution* and the author of *No Clear and Present Danger*, a book published about ten years ago that so ruthlessly questions the morality of U.S. participation in World War II as to have inspired Russet's political-science peers to think it a spoof.

The second consultant, USCC staffer Ed Doherty, is a former foreign service officer who last May, at a seminar on nuclear strategy sponsored by Washington's Ethics and Public Policy Center, flatly declared that NATO's strategy of deterrence is immoral. Also, last September, at Archbishop Hickey's convocation on peace in Washington, Doherty chaired a panel on deterrence at which he suggested, quite correctly, that we could rid ourselves of all the moral dilemmas of nuclear war if we did not possess nuclear weapons at all, a solution otherwise known as resolving the problem by dismissing its principal part—dismissing it, that is, by fiat. Both Russet and Doherty, along with a Roman Catholic nun, accompanied Hehir to a meeting at the State Department earlier this year with Eugene Rostow, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, at which the USCC position on deterrence was spelled out.

One need not necessarily object to pacifists, or quasi-pacifists, calling the shots (as it were) for the USCC, although it does recall Adolf Hitler's comment (in *Mein Kampf*) that "the pacifist idea will perhaps be excellent on the day when the man superior to all others will have conquered and subjugated the world." But could the bishops not at least have put one realist on board? John Tower, for example, would have done nicely.

■ The President's biggest problem for the lame-duck session is how to keep two battles from being waged at one time, i.e., dense pack and the moving up from July to January of the 10 per cent income tax cut. Watch for some fancy footwork (and phone-work) on his part to split dense pack from the December calendar, moving it to the new year, with the military appropriations bill extended into 1983 through another continuing resolution. Then he will target his energies into an all-out AWACS-like effort to get the tax acceleration passed by the lame ducks, thus permitting that victory to be parlayed into a second win—dense pack—during the 98th Congress. —CATO

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ity. The judge also ruled that the government had failed to prove that its prosecution of the lad in question, an outspoken critic of the registration program, was nondiscriminatory. The ACLU lawyer who defended him predicted . . . oh, what the hell, you can guess the rest.

■ Chalk up another one for U.S.-Soviet relations! The Soviets are cheering Americans who are working for a nuclear freeze, and especially the efforts of Steve and Natasha Kalishman. This enterprising couple has persuaded the American city of Gainesville, Fla. and the Russian city of Novorossiisk to establish a sister relationship. Walking into Novorossiisk city hall unannounced, the Kalishmans eventually were allowed to confront the deputy mayor, who "was really overwhelmed. He really couldn't believe an American city would do this." The two city governments are wary, but the Kalishmans believe that "it's a breakthrough for peace. . . . It's a way to ease the tension without either side giving anything up officially." For the time being, the relationship will mean only athletic and cultural exchanges, although in the future the two cities may try to approve a nuclear-freeze resolution, and might even promise never to bomb each other.

■ Secretary General Joseph Luns, the highest-ranking civilian official in NATO, is spreading heretical doctrine. At a meeting of legislators from NATO countries, Luns stated that "new reports from the secret services" showed that Western campaigns against nuclear weapons were "strongly aided by the Soviet Union." The Soviet support, he said, included financial assistance. As it happens, two American legislators

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Euphemisms

Say "revenue enhancement," please;
It's less depressing to the ear.
When gasoline goes up five cents,
A "user fee" is what you'll hear.
When FICA rises, as it must,
Consider it an IOU,
And with the Congress in cahoots,
There's no need for a palace coup.

W. H. VON DREELE

were in the audience, and they eloquently defended the purity of the Western peace movement. Dismissing Luns and the intelligence reports, Senator Claiborne Pell pronounced the peace movement a spontaneous expression of concern about nuclear war. Representative Phillip Burton was more indignant. "I am most agitated by your presentation," he told Luns. Such "simplistic explanations," he said, were "not serving the cause of the alliance." Let's hope that Luns will think again before questioning the immaculate conception of the peace movement.

■ President Mitterrand of France was swept into office on what amounted to a mandate to foul up the French economy beyond all recognition, and he has certainly delivered the goods. Now France is out trying to borrow some hard money to prop up the vanishing franc, and having to agree to unfriendly terms to get it. Next: full status as an underdeveloped nation.

■ As many as seven hundred peaceful Soviet troops and two thousand civilians may have died in a rather serious head-on collision in a tunnel near Kabul, Afghanistan. The Soviets, who are unduly touchy about being attacked by imperialist Afghanistanis, sealed off the tunnel immediately after the collision, forgetting that they built it and that the ventilating system didn't work. Many deaths were attributed to carbon monoxide poisoning. The Soviet news agency, TASS, gave full details, as follows: "A road accident took place a few days ago in a tunnel on the Salang Pass. There is loss of life."

■ The National Commission on Working Women announces that it is offended, "after surveying the past ten years of television programming," at the portrayal of women on *Dallas* and *Dynasty* as "young, pretty, and white" girls who don't work and don't "need to." Well, excuuuuuse us. Now, where in the Constitution of the United States is there authorized a commission to watch television all day at taxpayer expense and tell us that fictional rich women should be old, ugly, black, and scrub floors? Mr. Reagan, sir, these are *your* blockheads, even if we pay the bill, so will you kindly scrub one commission?

■ Meanwhile, it is reported that the Soviets are using their own dissidents, along with the Vietnamese imported as war reparations, as slave labor on the Siberian pipeline. Conditions have been so bad that prisoners said the Gulag was better—they had to roast lichen to survive. Let us not judge harshly. Prisoners are cheap, but food is expensive.

■ The Soviet government is pushing a new "rubles-for-babies" program to boost that country's birth rate. At "official" rates, the bounty is $67.50, or not much in rubles and a lot less in real money. One nice feature, though—the payment goes up to $337.50 for all kids after number ten. Two conclusions. It won't work, and there is no feminist movement in the USSR.

■ Awfully sorry to report that both the pyramid and the Great Wall of Bedford, Ind. have been canceled due to lack of interest, despite $700,000 in federal/taxpayer aid to this worthy project.

■ In Manhattan and Georgetown there is an ancient taboo against saying anything that has already been said in the *Reader's Digest*, such as that the Soviet propaganda machine is hard at work promoting a nuclear freeze. The penalty is fifty sneers and a Herblock cartoon.

Dense Pack

"Dense pack"—to use the nickname in vogue for Closely Spaced Basing (CSB), the Reagan Administration's version of a basing scheme for MX ICBMs—faces a hard test at the Capitol. That is the only sure thing to be said about it at the moment.

The proposed configuration is a one-and-a-half-mile by 14-mile rectangle near Cheyenne, Wyoming, with one hundred superhardened silos, 1,800 feet apart, each containing a MIRV-ed missile encased in a highly protective capsule. The initial cost is approximately $26 billion. The original layout could be extended if circumstances warrant, with relative economies of scale coming into play.

According to the rationale, such missiles in numbers sufficient for a crippling counterforce retaliation would theoretically be able to survive a Soviet missile assault on the United States. Their relative imperviousness to a direct Soviet attack would rest in part on built-in protection and in part on the so-called "fratricidal" phenomenon: blast, heat, and debris from early Soviet warheads would impede follow-up warheads.

Farfetched? To some degree, yes. The notion of gaining safety by concentrating targets is intuitive, and no

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laboratory verification is feasible. In fact, dense pack is counter-intuitive. That is a reason for considering exactingly the case to be made for it, but not a justification for out-of-hand rejection. The instant nay-sayers at the Capitol are popping off altogether too soon. It may well be that dense pack will come through as, after all, the best of the dozens and dozens of designs considered for deploying MX. Anyway, no other and more convincing or less costly design is in the offing, and any conceivable alternative to MX as a device for offsetting the nuclear strategic overhang is far, far down the road.

You Are Assessed $5.5 Billion for Street Repairs Go Directly to Poorhouse

I. Jobs Program . . .

President Reagan is right to sense a certain contradiction in financing a jobs program, like the $5.5-billion scheme put forth by Senator Baker and Speaker O'Neill, through "user fees." To the extent that user fees are assessed and spent wisely (see below) they will, like productive expenditures in general, create jobs only as a side effect, and will not create one job more than they have to to serve their basic purpose. If, on the other hand, the point of the charges is to create public jobs (or, as it has been described, to transfer jobs by taxation from the private to the public sector), then it is idle to pretend that they are really meant to benefit motorists and shippers of freight.

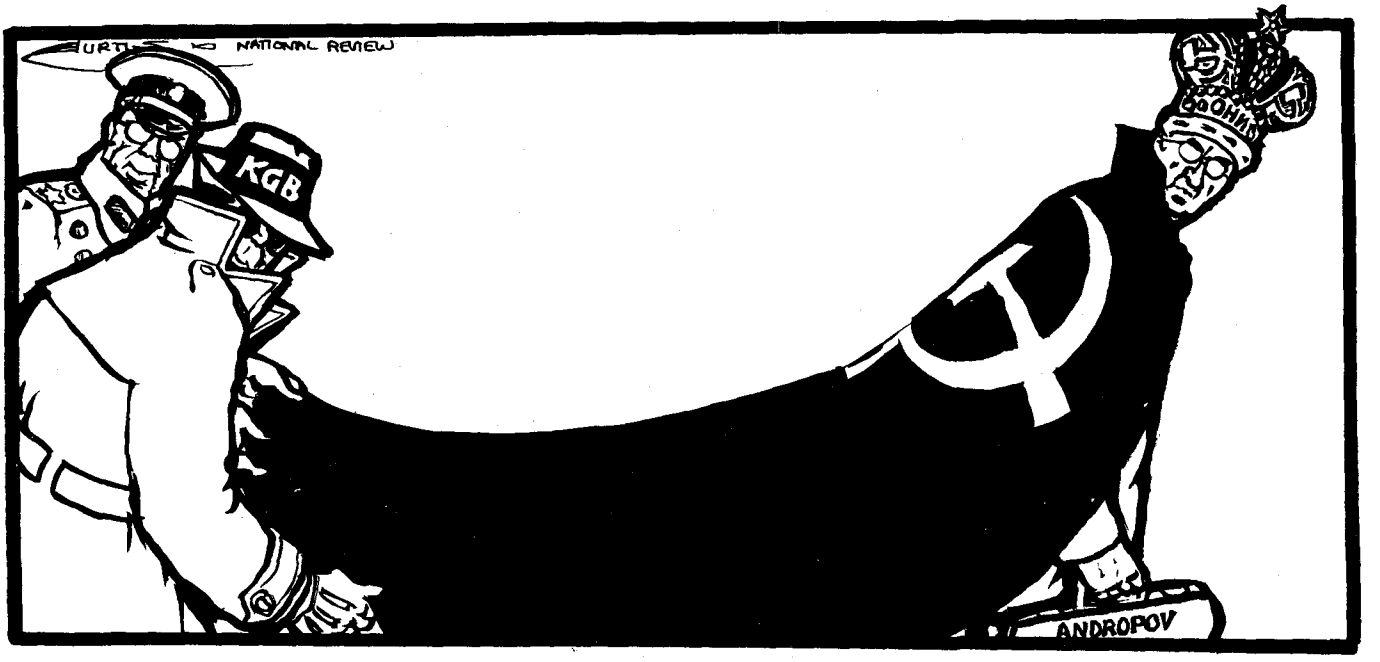
The only real argument for a roads-and-bridges jobs program is that the people hired would be doing work of some value—even if not a value of one hundred cents on the dollar—which is at least better than such existing jobs programs as Amtrak transcontinental routes or Economic Development Administration grants, where the return is much closer to zero cents on the dollar. But the choice is a false one. Congress is not planning to cut back Amtrak or EDA; it is planning to cut back defense. We are told by the Bakers and O'Neills that we must put men to work at once repairing sidewalks; and, so as to keep the deficit unchanged, that we must order other workers to stop repairing submarines. This is not job creation; it is not even deficit reduction; it is merely the liberal agenda as usual.

When pressed as to why, exactly, it is necessary to transfer defense spending to make-work projects, many congressional staffers will explain that a dollar of military spending produces fewer jobs than a dollar of social spending—an argument that dates back to a bunch of studies done in the mid-1970s by Naderites and Institute for Policy Studies types. At the time we all thought the argument too absurd to bother refuting; but it is not too absurd for the U.S. Congress.

II. . . . Or User Fee?

No charge can be called a user fee unless it actually leaves those who pay it better off. A highway toll spent on maintenance will leave drivers better off, for example, if it reduces the cost of driving (tire wear, insurance premiums, time lost in delays) by more than it costs them at the toll booth. This has led some to assert that user fees are really like the prices charged by businesses for their services. The government's status as a monopoly provider makes that question moot; but even a monopoly provider must choose whether it will exploit its customers by overcharging them or by offering them a shoddy product.

If a roads-and-bridges levy is to be a true user fee,



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instead of a mere tax, it will have to meet at least two requirements. First, it must match up beneficiaries and payers as closely as possible. The gasoline tax has never done this particularly well, but its proponents have always argued that other methods would be even more clumsy and expensive. This requirement definitely means dropping the appalling idea of using the gas tax to finance subways, which would make the tax something of an anti-user fee, since it is precisely the gas-tax payers who do not ride the subway and precisely the subway riders who do not pay the gas tax. It should be repeated again and again that new subways not only cost billions but are net energy losers; cutting back funds for them was one of the Reagan Administration's proudest achievements, and it should not reverse itself now. The beneficiary-pays principle also means that drivers nationwide should not be taxed to pay for road and bridge systems run by states and localities; citizens of responsible states should not have to pick up the tab for the places that have starved maintenance to feed social programs.

Second, road taxes imposed by any level of government should be based on actual demonstrations that the cost of repairing a road is less than the cost to road users of leaving it unrepaired. That demonstration has certainly been made in the case of some major bridges and a few road links. In other cases, such as those of the old ungraded highways that run alongside newer roads, it may be impossible to make. The clue to look for is whether both the Highway Users Federation and the American Automobile Association freely and voluntarily endorse the scheme. If they do not, we are entitled to suspect that the Transportation Department has been rolled by the public-works lobby.

Catholic Bishops: A Big Problem

The American Catholic bishops have in recent years been generally wrong in their economic pronouncements, wrong in their support for racial busing, wrong on Central America (and, there, in open conflict with their colleagues on the seene), and now seem likely to approve an intellectually confused and therefore highly dangerous pastoral letter on the issue of nuclear weapons, an issue that has an ultimate bearing on the survival of this nation.

It is therefore clearly not enough to say with the formidable Edwin Yoder, one of our leading journalists, that, "With all respect, my own suspicion is that the opinion of bishops on the fine points of nuclear deterrence is as valuable as the opinion of generals on the fine points of transubstantiation."

That is certainly true, but it does not meet the current situation. The generals have not intervened on that theological question. An apparent majority of the National Council of Catholic Bishops *have* constituted themselves as a political force and, with media assistance, have become dangerous to the survival of the Republic.

One fundamental question here is radical, and it is radical because the behavior of the bishops has made it so. It is doctrinal, too, going to the heart of the bishops' authority and their teaching function. Succinctly put, that question is: Why now?

That is, for the last 35 years, the American bishops have *not* held that the deterrence theory is in violation of Catholic moral teaching. If American policy-makers had noticed at all, they would have understood that the bishops tacitly *approved* of deterrence. Today, those policy-makers could reasonably cry "Foul!" All of a sudden, and to the extent that policy-makers care about the teachings of the bishops, what was licit has become illicit—and again, to the precise extent that anyone takes the bishops seriously, they have become a grave danger to American survival. The quantities of weapons have increased, but the principle of deterrence has not changed. If the principle has not changed, but the bishops' teaching has changed, what are we to think of the principles—assuming, of course, that there are any—that inform the teaching?

To be sure, with the publicity given the nascent pastoral letter, the bishops must feel much more important than heretofore. Archbishop Joseph Bernardin of Chicago, the putative energumen of the bishops' anti-nuclear movement, has now, after all, made it onto the cover of *Time* magazine. He is a *celebrity*. But—does he reflect?—he became suddenly "important" not because of any sudden theological profundity but because he led the bishops in joining a fashionable secular (and cultural) cause.

When you get into the details of the bishops' gestating letter, the situation gets, if anything, worse than in the matter of its timing.

For example, because of advances in missile and electronic technology, the U.S. is gradually moving away from targeting enemy cities, where you don't have to be very accurate, to targeting enemy nuclear weapons themselves. This shift began during the Carter Administration when U.S. officials concluded that the Soviets were achieving the capability of penetrating the U.S. deterrent.

This more precise targeting would seem to be in one of its aspects—limiting damage to cities—more in keeping with Catholic teaching. In another aspect, it strengthens deterrence by suggesting that military targets too can be hit.

But, on all this, the bishops fall between the two stools. The letter condemns *both* the use of nuclear weapons "for the purpose of destroying population centers or other predominantly civilian targets" *and* "the willingness to foster strategies which seek a nuclear-war-fighting capability."

As Edwin Yoder aptly remarked, "Unfortunately the

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only strategy that obeys both strictures is no strategy at all."

Which, however, is to put the matter much too kindly. The conscious tendency of the proposed pastoral letter is unilateralist and pacifist, and thus by tradition heretical. If implemented, it could lead to the destruction of the United States, the Free World generally, the Catholic Church, and other Christian and non-Christian denominations as well—though religious individuals might return to the catacombs.

Kemp-Roth III

President Reagan's instinct that the third Kemp-Roth tax-rate cut should be moved forward from July to January was both economically and politically sound, obvious even. The first installment of Kemp-Roth, it will be remembered, came in at 5 per cent, rather than at 10, in October 1981, rather than January—half as much, and nine months late. Inflation and Social Security increases ate up the relief so tardily administered. Speeding up the last cut is not staying the course, but returning to it. Politically, the move would put the Administration on the offensive. Talk of eliminating the third cut altogether would go a-glimmering.

So how did the troops react? "We don't have the votes" (Representative Michel). "A Hobson's choice" (Senator Baker). "There may be better ways to stimulate the economy" (Senator Dole). "Difficult to get through" (Senator Domenici). "I'm a little cautious" (Representative Conable). David Stockman "has reservations." Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, is against it.

Curiously, the Republican pre-emptive strike comes at a time when there is a general consensus that the economy requires stimulation. Voting against the Dole tax increases last summer, Senator Moynihan remarked that he knew of no economic doctrine that called for *raising* taxes in a recession. Delaying a tax-rate cut is raising taxes by another name.

But the real sticking point is not economic, but philosophical. Democrats cannot tolerate any attack on the notion that the government should grow and grow and grow, even so indirect an attack as a tax-rate cut. If political circumstances require them to disguise themselves as deficit watchers, so be it. Meanwhile, Republican timidity only prevents the issue from coming to a head. If the Democrats want to roll back Kemp-Roth III, let the onus be on them.

Rising to the Occasion

Since Secretary Regan said
A January cut instead
Of one delayed until July
Is what the Congress ought to buy,
He'll be remembered in the clinch
For running more than Merrill, Lynch.

W. H. VON DREELE

Hope Dies Eternal

Ever since the death of Josef Stalin, every transfer of power to a new Soviet dictator has been greeted with hope in the West, and, especially, in America. The new man might/would be more "liberal"—i.e., expand domestic freedoms, curb the worst domestic repressive practices, and pursue a more "pragmatic" policy toward the West. The new dictator, bad though he might well be, would surely "normalize" the Soviet state, at least to some degree.

It is natural that these hopes have been strongest in America: "summitry," "Uncle Joe," "the Spirit of Glassboro." These hopes are natural because America is itself the country of optimism and the "fresh start," a country new-born out of Europe and ever moving westward on its new and advancing frontier, the country where, Tocqueville was astonished to find, a man would build a house out on the frontier for his old age and then move further west before the roof was up. Our political rhetoric reflects this profound historical experience: the New Freedom, the New Deal, the New Frontier, and, now, under Reagan, the New Federalism. Our very dollar bill, green like the original start in Eden, asserts that America is a "novus ordo seclorum." Perhaps, then, we like to think, there will be a *fresh start* with Andropov!

A primal law in politics holds that anything is possible. But Russia is an old and tightly constricted country whose institutions are set in bureaucratic concrete. Soviet rulers must first respond to the imperatives of the Soviet power equation, and no Soviet politician who was ignorant of them ever reached the top. Personalities change—and are consumed by the Western media—but fundamental policy does not change. Nikita Khrushchev won credit in the West by denouncing Stalin—he was obliged to do so for internal political reasons—and for initiating a brief literary "thaw." But Khrushchev did try to introduce offensive missiles into Cuba and tip the balance of power, an unsuccessful move that destroyed his career. The more somber and orthodox Brezhnev then took over and orchestrated the great "achievements" of his 18-year reign (see "Leonid Brezhnev, R I P," below).

The analysis that assesses Soviet behavior and Soviet intentions as if the USSR were a state like any other is not sound. Whatever the individuals in power in the USSR "subjectively" believe, the legitimacy of the Soviet system rests on the assumption that it is a revolutionary regime at war with the nonsocialist world. The Communist Party is a "war party," whose monopoly of power rests on the assumption that it is a vanguard

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leading a war with the rest of the non-Communist world. It is in permanent and final conflict with the capitalist world. Now, no doubt, many Communist officials do not actually "believe" that—but their very institutional position depends totally on that controlling myth.

Chairman Andropov now comes to us from one of the principal foci of the Soviet totalitarian power structure, the KGB. We have been informed by Mr. Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* and others that Andropov is "different" from the Soviet official norm, that he is "soft" on dissent and has some "cosmopolitan" aesthetic tastes—though this last is substantiated in reports only by a claimed appreciation for the novels of Judith Krantz.

Andropov orchestrated the crushing of Solidarity in Poland, and reportedly was a principal backer of the current operation in Afghanistan. As a Politburo member he certainly knows about Soviet use of poison gas in Afghanistan and Laos. As head of the KGB, he had to preside over the details of Lech Walesa's degradation, the attempted assassination of the Pope, and the virtual execution of Sakharov, Shcharansky, and other dissident citizens.

NR would dearly like to be proved wrong in its prediction, but do not be disappointed if Comrade Andropov fails to emerge as a closet Ferdinand, longing to leave the arena, and go over and smell the flowers.

Pipeline Post-Mortem

As an eristic exercise, the effort to stop the Gulag pipeline was interesting, if you are an international lawyer tracking appellant's motion A, on over to ruling Z, a year or so later. America put itself on record in support of the principle that American technology, devised by American minds and developed by American companies, remains at the disposal of American foreign policy, whether the manufacturing plant is in Peoria or Paris. We were prepared to press our claims, and we gave notice that we might do so in the future should the occasion arise.

As a practical matter, however, we could not stop the pipeline by such means. The offending factories worked even as the legal wheels ground. We couldn't do immediate damage to the project without the cooperation of our allies, which they were unwilling to give, and which we were unwilling to attempt to extort.

Our case could have been strengthened in two ways. 1) Linking Poland and the pipeline was opportunistic. The Soviets posed the same danger to the West the day before the crackdown as the day after. Poland is a symptom, not the disease. 2) Similarly, the pipeline is but one economic prop shoved under the Soviets by the West, albeit one of the most important. Another is grain. True, we make the Soviets pay for our prop, whereas the Europeans are in effect paying for the privilege of erecting theirs. Not a trivial distinction—but one we cannot insist on if we hope to establish a common trading policy.

Abolish Boxing?

The recent death of the Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim has called forth, naturally enough, widespread reflection upon the whole activity of professional boxing. From its ancient beginnings, boxing has always been a potentially lethal sport. Indeed, we have come a fair distance from the days when the gladiators in the Roman Colosseum wore brass gloves. Yet despite the reforms of the Marquess of Queensberry, and despite the current and continuing reforms involving medical examinations, ring padding, and the rest of it, it remains potentially lethal. Kim had no diagnosed medical vulnerabilities, and for 13 rounds he was a good match for the champion, Ray Mancini. In the 14th round, Kim suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage.

George Vecsey, a prominent sportswriter for the *New York Times*, promptly called for the elimination of professional boxing, and others followed suit. George Will, in the *Washington Post*, wrote a thoughtful pro-abolition column in which he argued that boxing should be stopped not so much to protect the boxers as to protect the audience from a brutalizing spectacle.

"It will be said," writes Will, "that if two consenting adults want to batter each other for the amusement of paying adults, the essential niceties have been satisfied, 'consent' being almost the only nicety of a liberal society. But from Plato on, political philosophers have taken entertainment seriously and have believed that the law should, too. They have because a society is judged by the kind of citizens it produces, and some entertainments are coarsening. Good government and the good life depend on good values and passions, and some entertainments are inimical to these."

Granted; but only up to a point. The Rome of Augustus, the England of Elizabeth, and the eighteenth century Europe of Marlborough and Louis XV had their brutal pleasures, but no one would condescend to them in terms of civilization.

Kim's opponent, Ray Mancini, though deeply shaken by his proximate role in the death, could also put things in some perspective: "I just hope," he said, "people will understand that in this profession it's one of the risks we take. I didn't intend to hurt him. It could easily have been me. What's to say it couldn't be me next time?" Mancini expects to fight again.

The humanitarian critics have points to make, but the abolition of professional boxing would be far from humanitarian in its net effects. In modern times, boxing has always been a mechanism of social mobility, a way out of slum and ghetto for a gifted few. The roll of great American boxers represents a succession of

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have-not groups: Irish, Jewish, Italian, black, Hispanic. Many and perhaps most great boxers, denied this kind of opportunity, would have remained in obscurity as stevedores, busboys, or filling-station attendants. Are we really willing to close out this particular opportunity? Those boxers knew that when they climbed through the ropes into the ring, they ran a small risk of death, but they climbed through them pursuing fame, fortune, and advancing status. To have deprived black America of either Joe Louis or Muhammad Ali would have been a sophisticated psycho-social act of repression.

On balance, the case against boxing has not been made. As a statistical matter, other sports are quantitatively more lethal. Car racing, certainly. Blue-water sailing. Mountain climbing. The agents of death here are speed and gravity. But Mancini's lethal punch, in this context, is no more than a force of nature.

Leonid Brezhnev, R I P

Leonid Brezhnev joined the Communist Party in 1932, at the age of 25, and rose through the local ranks during the period of the great purges. During World War II, he served as a political commissar in the Red Army.

In the Fifties, he attached himself to Khrushchev (the famous photograph of Nixon and Khrushchev debating in the kitchen shows Brezhnev at Khrushchev's side). In 1964 he turned on his patron and stepped into Khrushchev's place.

At home, he decapitated and silenced the nascent dissident movement. Sinyavsky, Daniel, Bukovsky, and Shcharansky were arrested and subjected to show trials. Solzhenitsyn was extruded from the country, Sakharov banished to internal exile. The human-rights provisions of the Helsinki accords were ratified and ignored; the Russian group monitoring the agreement was persecuted out of existence. Jew-baiting was revived, while the Russian Orthodox Church remained a tightly controlled organ of the state.

Brezhnev aimed to keep an equally firm grip on the international Communist movement. When the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia loosened the screws, he ordered a Warsaw Pact invasion, in the name of "socialist internationalism." When the Polish Communist Party proved incapable of resolving the internal contradictions posed by the Solidarity movement, he encouraged a crackdown by Soviet stooges in the Polish army.

His attitude toward the non-Communist world was governed by the principle of detente, which, in his understanding of the term, was a strategy of aggression. "We are achieving with detente," he said in a speech in Prague in 1973, "what our predecessors have been unable to achieve using the mailed fist. . . . Come 1985, we will be able to extend our will wherever we need to."

Under the rhetorical cover of the SALT process, he presided over the largest arms build-up since World War II, augmenting an already formidable Soviet conventional advantage in Europe, creating, for the first time since the Russo-Japanese War, a viable Russian navy, equaling, and in many respects outstripping, the nuclear capacity of the United States. At the same time, he sponsored, and never apologized for sponsoring, revolutionary and "liberation" struggles around the world: some (Chile, Portugal) unsuccessful, others (Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Zimbabwe, Nicaragua) successful. The latest of these adventures, Afghanistan, is bolstered by the presence of tens of thousands of Soviet troops. He carried on psychological warfare against the West, most recently by encouraging the freeze movement, and possibly by conniving in the attempted assassination of the Pope.

In all these things, Brezhnev acted according to his lights. Communism may be, as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn says, an ideology in which no Soviet citizen now believes. But it remains the official frame of reference. Brezhnev was, in Communism's terms, a moral man, for morality arises from the necessities of history, and the Communist Party is the spearhead of history's movement. In his careful, sober, tenacious way, he served it all the days of his adult life.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I don't know if you received a similar letter, but we can now earn points for renting Hertz cars. You will note in their last letter that I have been credited fifty bonus points for just being a charter member. I suggest that we each keep the other informed as to how many points we have, and then, on September 30, 1983 we can both take our families to a Marriott hotel in Flint, Michigan.

I feel this Hertz Five Star membership is the thing that binds our friendship, and if it weren't for them we would just be two columnists working different sides of the political fence.

I am calling this point system to your attention on the off chance that your secretary may have thrown your letter in the trash can. Secretaries tend to ignore club news.

Sincerely,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art:

You ask how many bonus points have I been credited with by Hertz? Art, who won the election in 1980,

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the Republican, or the Democrat? If it is true that we are working different sides of the political fence, how many points would *you* give, if you were Hertz, to the columnist who delivered 44 states, as opposed to the columnist who could only limp in with six states? I don't want to advertise, Art, that this is a tough world that apportions perquisites with some consideration of merit, but if you . . . No, with that aposiopesis, I change the subject. Let us agree only that we will keep each other informed on how many points we earn beginning at this juncture. My belief in full disclosure impels me to confess that, as I write, my wife is going round and round, on the Hawthorne Circle, in a Hertz car, listening on the cassette recorder to tapes of your columns, and laughing and laughing, oh my, how she is laughing.

Cordially,
Bill

■ Memo to: WFB
From: JPM

We're sending out Professor Bloom's lead article in this issue ["Our Listless Universities"] to a few university presidents, but it occurs to me that a good many of our own readers—after reflecting on what Mr. Bloom has to say about the kind of education their kids are getting—will want to send copies to their alma maters. So I've ordered extra copies, and hope you will inform our readers as follows:

We will send a copy of Professor Bloom's powerful article (the whole issue, in fact) to colleges or students of their choice if they will send $2.00 per copy requested (along with the names and addresses of the recipients) to: NATIONAL REVIEW, Dept. *Bloom*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. We'll also forward any note or letter they might want us to include with the package—all first class. If they simply want extra copies for themselves, they can order as many as they like at the regular $1.25 cover price—while supply lasts. We'll mail them right out, gladly. (It's *some* issue, by the way—congratulations all around.)

"Say, you aren't the same Gary Harwon I once marched with in peace demonstrations and anti-business rallies, are you?"

■ Dear Bill:

You mention Zeno's paradox in your jocular comment on my letter [*NR*, August 6, 1982], one form of which is that a runner can never reach his goal because there is a point halfway, and another point halfway, infinitum. There is an apocryphal story that when Zeno proposed this at a meeting of philosophers, during an age when reason reigned supreme and no trial of the actual outcome was thought necessary, one old greybeard rose from his seat, walked around the table, and sat down again.

It is a pity that the name of this man is not recorded. His empirical approach to the discovery of the nature of the real world antedated Roger Bacon by several hundred years.

Zeno's paradox was such because the real number had not yet been invented. It is likely that careful analysis along Zeno's line of thought compelled the introduction of real numbers. There was a choice between two paradoxes: 1) No object can move at all, or 2) a moving object can and does pass an infinitude of points in a finite time. Since objects are known empirically to move, the choice was clear.

The acceptance of the real number as logically consistent with the rest of mathematics brought on some seemingly paradoxical things in its own right. For example, every point on the real line from minus infinity to plus infinity can be mapped one-to-one on the points of the real line segment from zero to one. Every point in the infinite plane can be mapped one-to-one onto the unit line segment. Indeed, every point in infinite space can be mapped one-to-one onto the points of the unit line segment. There are just as many points on a one-inch line as there are on a line a million miles long.

All this is logically entailed if an object is to move at all.

Yr. humble svt., etc.,
Bill Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Another one for the oxymoron contest: "Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action . . ."

Torn between two lovers,
Edward N. Peters, Esq.
Intercollegiate Studies Institute
Claremont, Calif.

—WFB

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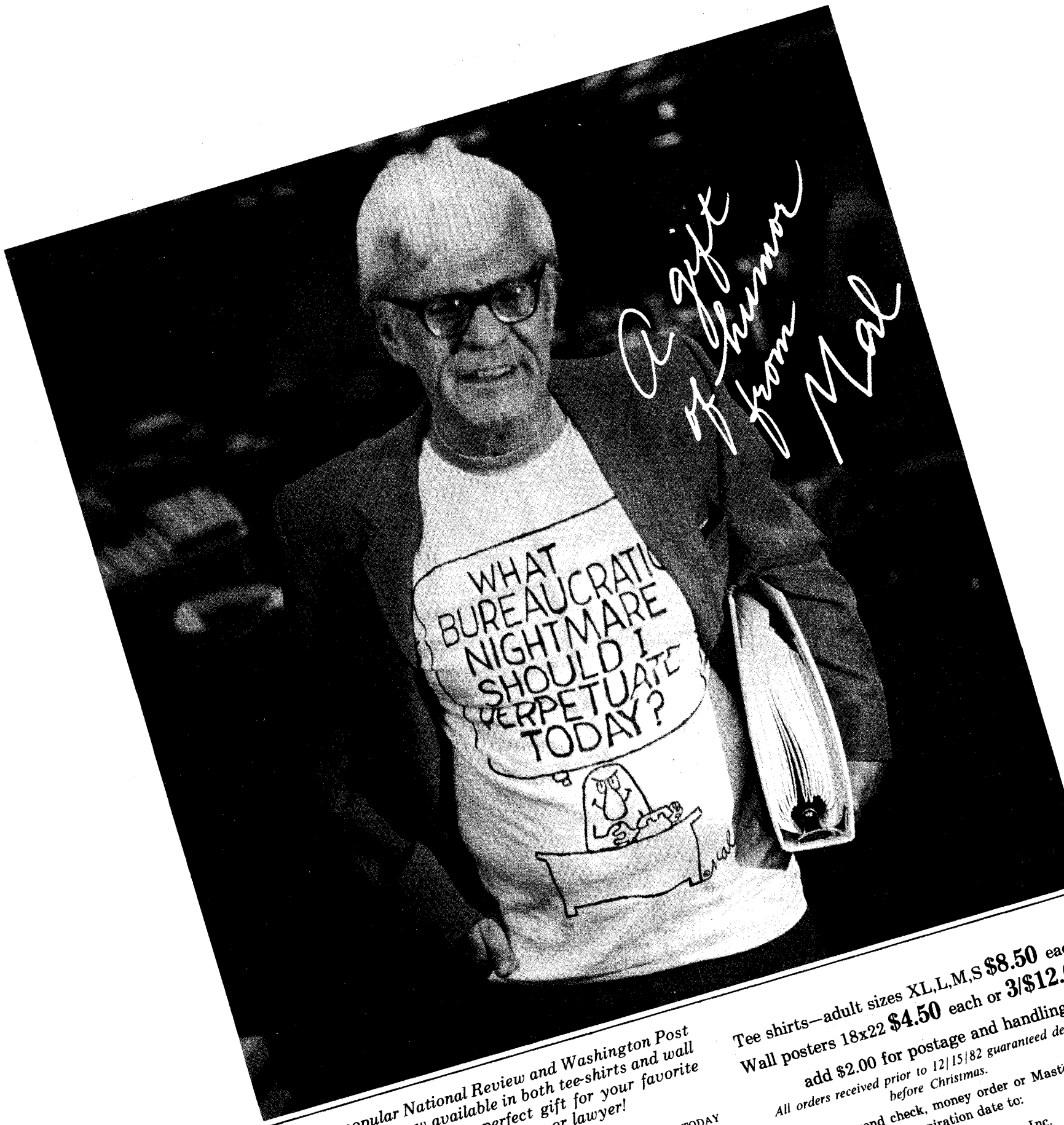

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Lame Duck—Dead Duck

DESPITE BRAVURA Hill talk and media hype, the lame-duck session of Congress commencing November 29 will probably get the 1982 award for Biggest Non-Event of the Year. Early on, it was predicted that cots would have to be set up in the Capitol for the all-night sessions to get the members home by Christmas. Now it looks like December 17 will be the cut-off date of the lame-duck effort, and possibly a week before that. The agenda for the special session was to have included Social Security, Senator Jesse Helms's social bills, foreign aid, defense spending, and a big jobs bill. However, it looks like none of these will get action, although a lot of posturing on these issues might lead you to think otherwise.

Congress has held six lame-duck sessions since 1945, and most have dealt with relatively unsubstantial business. The upcoming session will do nothing to alter that hallowed tradition, the December political theater offering welcome respite from the rigors of Christmas shopping. President Reagan wanted the special session, and Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker did not. Both were right. Before the election, Reagan was right because the call for a lame-duck session gave him a club to beat the laggard, undisciplined Congress with. After the election, Baker is right because now the Democrats have a club to beat him with.

Bob Dole first raised the subject of a lame-duck session in late summer. He wanted the session to focus on Social Security and its tribulations, tying that debate to the Greenspan Commission report due mid-December. Now, Chairman Dan Rostenkowski of the House Ways and Means Committee says that he wants the hearings to start on February 1, with commission members testifying first, then the Administration, finishing up by mid-March—all of which sits comfortably with the Administration since the revised strategy is to let Congress assume credit/responsibility/blame for cleaning up the prodigious mess.

The brevity of the upcoming session (probably not more than 15 working days and, more likely, fewer) would play into the hands of would-be filibusterers Weicker, Packwood, et al., who labored so arduously and successfully to defeat Jesse Helms's social legislation last September. So you can assume that the Senator will hold off introducing his social measures afresh until the 98th Congress convenes January 3.

Time is too short in this special session for legislative action on military spending. Defense appropriations will probably be included in a second stopgap continuing appropriations resolution, when the first resolution expires December 17. Debate on defense will be hot and heavy, however, especially in the press, triggered by the President's upcoming decision to go with Dense Pack as the MX basing mode. Watch for Democrats to raise a mighty outcry about the need to cut defense spending and, in so doing, set the stage for a full-scale war on the issue next year.

Lame Duck Minuet

So what's left? The President requested the lame-duck session in September because Congress failed to pass 13 appropriations bills (three have since cleared). If three or four bills pass during the lame-duck session, we can be thankful, but don't be over-optimistic. The rest will be dovetailed, I submit, within a stopgap continuing resolution with the defense appropriations. Other selected bills may pass the House, notably the controversial automobile domestic content law (favored by the UAW), nuclear waste, federal bankruptcy courts revision, and regulatory reform. Coal slurries and federal immigration law revision are long shots and goodbye for now to clean air (Ronald Reagan's urging notwithstanding), urban enterprise zones, and a second go-round on the balance-the-budget constitutional amendment. The 4 per cent increase in congressional pay will go through automatically in mid-December, by the way, unless both chambers act to block it.

Clearly Tip's strategy for the lame-duck period is to harp on the size of the projected budget deficit ($200 billion) and point with alarm to the consequent need to a) postpone the 1983 10 per cent income tax cut, b) legislate a $7 billion public sector, make-work jobs bill, and c) slash defense spending. The President will blunt that strategy by a) advancing the effective date of the July 1983 tax cut to January, b) supporting a gasoline tax (oops, "user's fees," *s'il vous plaît*) of three or four cents (not five, probably), and c) directly selling the defense budget to the people via the media. The jobs bill won't go anywhere in the lame-duck session, despite the current enlightenment of Messrs. Dole, Baker, and Domenici, because the Democrats will load up any jobs measure so heavily that even soft-core Republicans won't be able to swallow it. Tip will then charge that Republicans have inhumanely blocked the jobs bill and that Ronald Reagan is an arch-Grinch.

Republican Wallflowers

The Speaker and the Democratic leaders are bent on getting the jobs bill through eventually. They realize that by spring the unemployment rate will probably drop to the 8 to 9 per cent range, so they will need a jobs enactment to justify their claim that they are responsible for the unemployment drop. Even though it may take a year for any early 1983 jobs bill to be implemented and the first public sector laborer to go to work, Tip & Co. can still allege that it was their legislation that wrought the psychological magic on the nation, restored its confidence, and lowered the number of the jobless. If the Democrats can claim credit for the ongoing surges in the stock market (which they had earlier pooh-poohed as unreliable, invalid indicators) they can surely claim credit for a lowering of the unemployment rate. Why is it that Democrats have such a knack for blatant assertion while Republicans almost habitually look like bewildered wallflowers?

All of which supports the view that the December lame-duck session will be, legislatively, a dead duck—a kind of second semester to Washington's summer silly season. □

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What of our style and content? One fragment, excerpted from Leopold Tyrmand's Editor's Comment which launches a recent issue, as he writes about today's liberal culture:

> One consequence of this culture is that a vast segment of the population is forced to work hard to support a class of parasites, many of whom—thanks to economic priorities gone berserk—have turned their lives into a grotesque *Grand Guignol* of drugs and kinky crime and who provide their own troubadours with an obscure wealth. It is a culture in which a nurse earns less per year than a cretinous, unwashed rock singer spends on dope per day. For this culture we have nothing but the deepest contempt, and we want to make it known. In the 1930's a German antifascist by the name of Kurt Tucholsky, before he was tortured by the nazis in Dachau, addressed himself to his nation in one of his last warnings: "All I wish is for you to remember, I was against!" So are we, when we face the travesty of humanness and the humiliation of reason in America.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

The Wave of Austerity

TOM BETHELL

A YEAR OR SO ago Representative Phil Gramm of Texas said that when he came to Washington one question intrigued him: Was Congress responsive primarily to interests, or to ideas? He concluded that ideas really do rule the world, or at least Congress. We saw an illustration of that last summer, when the House of Representatives voted to withhold taxes on dividend and interest income. A few years earlier the same proposal had been defeated by a margin of four hundred votes. But by 1982 a new idea was at large in the capital and spreading like a virus. Actually, it was an old idea, because these things come and go in cycles, as we shall see. Applied to economic policy, it was also very dangerous. It was the idea of retribution and penance, sackcloth and ashes, pain and suffering. Translated into policy this meant: austerity.

Traditional, centrist, and liberal Republicans could see no other solution. Nor could liberal Democrats (cunning devils). Likewise, thinkers in think tanks donned their thinking caps and in unison they thought: Oh woe! The country has been on a binge! We must pay for our sins, sober up, feel a little bit of pain and suffering (so that we know the medicine is working). We must cut spending (if possible—and it wasn't, as the Democrats had astutely realized). We must eliminate the deficit. We must raise taxes. We must hold the money supply ever so tight. Then we shall all feel a little bit of pain and expiate the sins of the Sixties.

Mere congressmen representing mere taxpayers were quite unable to resist the tidal force of such unanimous, respectable opinion. Taxes were raised, and an almighty consensus of voices is already roaring at Reagan that they must be raised once again. It will be a miracle if he does not succumb. The Federal Reserve meanwhile, anxious to avoid the monetary excesses of the past two decades, began to err on the side of tightness, adding its own economic tourniquet.

The ruling idea at work here is no mere local phenomenon. It seems to enjoy a worldwide hegemony. Britain (sources say) will forego a planned tax cut next year. The new conservative government in West Germany likewise plans to raise taxes and cut spending. The new socialist one in Sweden lost no time in raising taxes still higher. It will be surprising if the new socialist government in Spain does not follow suit. (And in Italy too?)

Such policies induce contraction. Entrepreneurs must cower in foxholes while the gales of destruction blow and while search-and-destroy austerity brigades come sweeping overhead. The almost inevitable political response to such economic shrinkage is protectionism, and this we are already beginning to see. Countries compete to keep out each others' imports. All suffer as a result, and the economic shriveling proceeds more rapidly than before. Unemployment rises, and politicians demand that make-work be created so that they may appear to be solving the problem. This means that more taxes must be raised, and so on. You would almost think that our policy-making and opinion-forming austerity brigades have great nostalgia for the 1930s. Then too, we had higher taxes, too-tight money, protectionism, jobs programs.

How have the markets responded? The recent surge in stock prices (today the Dow is at 1040) tells us that the giant computer that is the New York Stock Exchange has concluded, after much rumination, that recovery is in the air. Unfortunately, the Wall Street computer has to keep on including new bits of bad political news, in turn engendered by idea-dominated politicians. So there's a tug of war, with the markets wanting to go one way, and the sages of austerity demanding that we first do a spell in economic purgatory. It wouldn't be surprising if the latter win the struggle. They seem to be determined, no doubt unconsciously, to fulfill the forecast of an obscure Soviet economist named Nikolai Kondratieff, consigned by Stalin to the Gulag.

Kondratieff believed that capitalism was dominated by a fifty-year-long cycle, its cause unknown. Every fifty years or so prices peaked, he said, and there followed a long decline. The Harvard economist Joseph Schumpeter was influenced by Kondratieff. Schumpeter claimed that a "gale of creative destruction" took place during the down-swing. There followed a period of economic prosperity and optimism, rising stock prices, declining unemployment, and so on, but this would come to an end at the appointed time. (Stalin disapproved, of course, because he thought capitalism went steadily down, not down and up. Kondratieff, who was mentioned by Solzhenitsyn in the *Gulag Archipelago*, died in solitary confinement.)

Crests in the Kondratieff Wave have occurred in 1814, 1864, and 1920, and the stock market (corrected for inflation) again peaked around 1970. Its subsequent prolonged decline was disguised by the unprecedented inflation that followed the severance of the last gold/dollar link in 1971. But this attempt to evade the down-slope failed. The demand for dollars nose-dived, gold remonetized itself, and by 1979 the authorities had discarded money illusion and embraced monetarism. (A risky course, but perhaps inevitable when looked at in context.)

TODAY, IF Kondratieff is right, we are in 1932 all over again. So it might not be the time to buy stocks after all. Protectionism, jobs programs, and contractionary policy prescriptions make this seem all too plausible. The odd thing about all this is that today's economists and austerity mongers almost unanimously condemn Kondratieff as a mystic at best or a charlatan at worst, yet they urge policies that seem likely to make his fifty-year wave come true. Can there be an Invisible Hand at work here, by any chance?

(Footnote: It's a risky business making market predictions so I'll hedge my bet. Those who recall the short skirts of 1929 and 1969—oh dear, a forty-year cycle—know that the fashionable hemline has been the only really accurate predictor of stock-market performance. I've taken glancing notice of the fact that, in recent weeks, a surprising number of young ladies are wearing, of all things . . . miniskirts. Do they know something that Kondratieff didn't? Is the era of pain and suffering in fact coming to an end? Watch for the spring collections.) □

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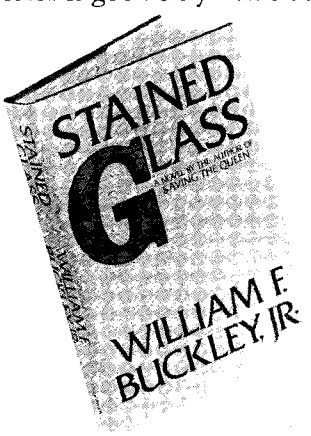
James Bond has had to make way for Blackford Oakes, hero of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s sensational series of spy-thriller novels. These novels are superbly plotted adventures filled with crisp dialogue, people you'll remember, fascinating "inside" information you'd expect to find in top-secret files, and *un*expected (but thoroughly satisfying) endings that are the Blackford Oakes trademark. They really *are* books you won't put down until you have read every polished word. So if you missed either *Stained Glass* ($8.95 retail) or *Who's On First* ($9.95 retail) here is your chance to get either one FREE. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* for one year (26 big issues) at the regular rate of just $26. If you are already a subscriber you can take advantage of this offer simply by renewing now for another year (we'll extend your present subscription another 26 issues no matter when it is due to expire). In either case the book you choose (these are original hardbound editions) is yours FREE and postpaid. *Or*, would you prefer to get *both* books FREE and save $4.00 more in the bargain? If you would, then just subscribe (or renew) now for *two* years at the special long-term rate of only $48 and we'll be happy to ship you *both* of these sophisticated thriller-novels (an $18.90 value) free and postpaid. You will save a total of $22.90 overall. This unusual free offer is good only while our book supply lasts so don't miss out on it. Use the card facing this page now to



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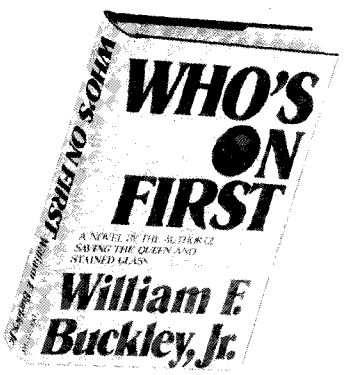

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Nine Years (or so) After — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

It is sad, and chastening, to look at the condition of Vietnam, nearly ten years after the Paris agreements that enabled the Americans to pull out and nearly eight years after the collapse of South Vietnamese resistance. Those who campaigned so vehemently for a U.S. withdrawal can now see (if they can tear their eyes away from say, El Salvador) just what kind of fate their propaganda victory condemned the Vietnamese people to suffer.

I am writing now not of the boat people nor of the re-education camps: simply of yet another economic failure of socialism. Like all Communist parties, the Vietnamese Workers' Party (Lao Dong Dang) is perfectly organized for war and totally unadapted to peaceful reconstruction.

The fact is that war goes on, at least in Kampuchea (Cambodia) where the Khmer resistance takes an increasing toll of the invading and occupation forces. Nor is demobilization in the future for this most powerful army in Southeast Asia. The Laotian people have to be kept under control, as well as the people of Vietnam itself and Kampuchea; and Vietnam must be on the alert against the possibility of another punitive expedition from China.

Economic Tailspin

In a long address early last month, Vietnamese Major General Dinh Thien called on the people to make an all-out effort to improve the living conditions of the troops. He explained that the military was transporting grain enormous distances from south to north and sending men a long way back from the front line in Kampuchea to collect live pigs, cows, and other foodstuffs.

The latest International Monetary Fund (IMF) figures show that in 1981 per capita income in Vietnam was only $153, down from $241 in 1976, the first year after the Vietnam War ended. The need to maintain a huge army is an important factor. However, there are other factors at work: widespread corruption especially in the south, bad planning and inferior management—and above all, the general distaste for socialism on the part of the southerners, whose experience of it is much more recent than that of their northern compatriots who have been under Communist rule nearly thirty years, from the time of the Geneva agreements of 1954, which ended France's Indochina war.

Last March, when the party held its Fifth Congress, General Secretary Le Duan—the most powerful man of the regime—admitted that the economy faced "many acute problems." Some of them stemmed from "shortcomings and mistakes" by officials of party and state. The population was growing faster than output, and there were shortages of food, clothing, and many consumer goods. Unemployment and underemployment were worrying, enterprises were operating below capacity, and prices were unstable.

According to the IMF, industry grew by only 1.9 per cent last year, whereas the planners had decreed a growth rate of 4 to 5 per cent. Ever optimistic, the planners had ordered agriculture to increase by 6 to 7 per cent, but the farmers and peasants could only manage 3.2 per cent. Coal output did grow, but so did coal exports, leaving industry short of fuel. Investment fell short of needs, and lack of raw materials and spare parts held up industrial growth.

In happier times (under French colonial rule), the prosperous south sent about 100,000 tons of rice to the crowded Red River Delta. Overall, Vietnam was a major regional rice exporter. Now, although last year it produced a bumper crop, Vietnam had to import 1.3 million tons of rice. Food production actually fell by 230,000 tons in 1981. The canny peasants of the south, and only 12 per cent collectivized, grow just what they need, lacking incentives to work harder. Such is the power of dogma, however, that the leadership intends to press on relentlessly with collectivization. If the target is met, nearly all arable land in the south will be collectivized by 1985, compared with only 12 per cent by the middle of this year.

The north, more than ever densely populated, is trying to export its population and unemployment problems southward to "new economic zones." Some 1.5 million people were moved to these areas between 1975 and 1980, but such were the hardships that many preferred to take their chance on leaky and overcrowded boats. Unperturbed, the planners are sending an additional 620,000 to the new zones this year.

In the pecking order of international economics, Vietnam comes out nearly at the bottom of the heap. While the Soviet bloc accumulates bad debts to the West, Vietnam piles up bad debts to the Soviet bloc. And not only to the Soviet bloc. In July of this year, the IMF turned down Vietnam's request for further balance-of-payments cushioning until fundamental economic reforms had been carried out. But fundamental reforms are impossible if the country is to stay Communist, and it is certainly staying Communist. So, no reforms, no cash. Meanwhile, Vietnam owes the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) countries about $1.3 billion and has given up trying to repay anybody anything.

Indentured Labor

Where, in this dismal situation, does Vietnam's distant protecting power, the Soviet Union, stand? To be fair, the Soviets do seem to be trying to live up to their obligations as the colonial power. In 1981, the USSR and other Communist countries just wrote off Vietnam's debts, which promptly started to accumulate again. Counting military aid, Soviet subsidies to Vietnam total between $1.5 billion and $2 billion a year.

What part, in this situation, is played by Vietnamese exports of underprivileged labor? According to some reports, as many as half a million Vietnamese laborers are working on the Siberian gas pipeline. I have been attacked repeatedly in the Soviet press lately for quoting this figure. I admit that I have not walked up and down the construction site counting Vietnamese. It is quite possible that the figure is smaller, though why the Soviets should deny the use of Vietnamese forced labor is unclear since Vietnam has signed two labor cooperation agreements with the USSR (in April and November 1981) and similar agreements with Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and East Germany. If there is one thing poor Vietnam is not short of, it is labor. □

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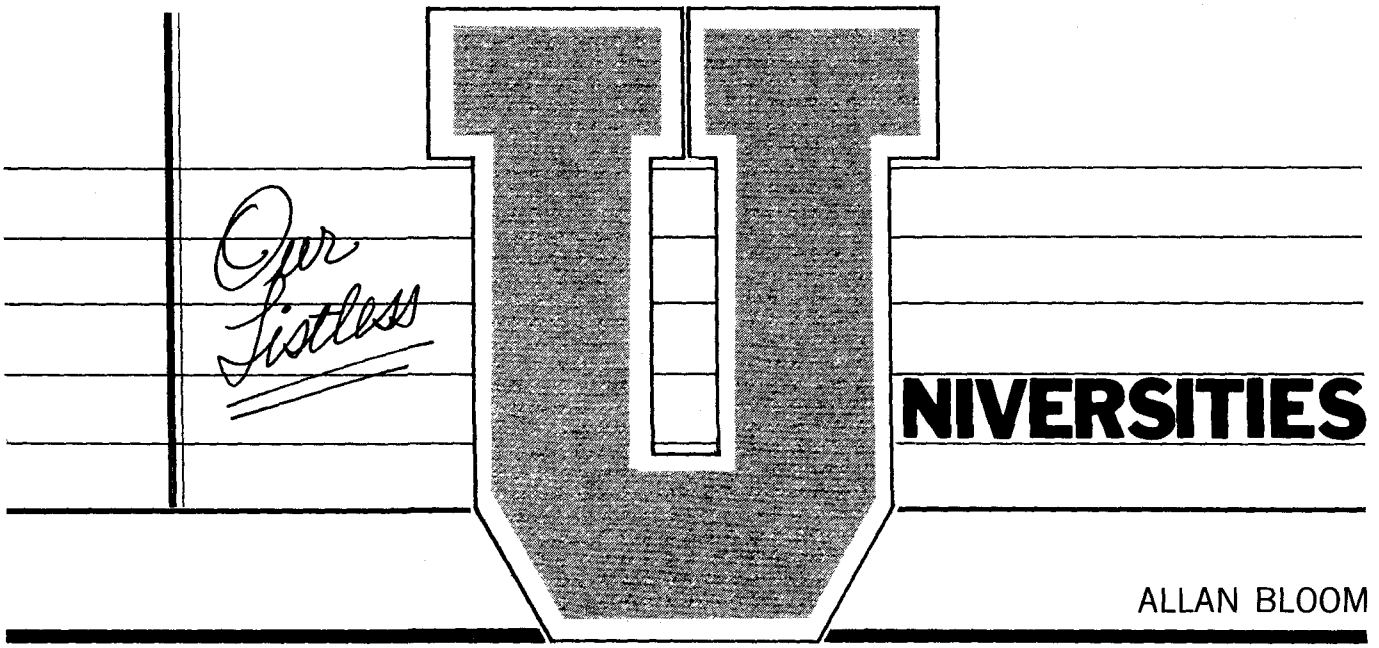

ALLAN BLOOM

I BEGIN WITH my conclusion: students in our best universities do not believe in anything, and those universities are doing nothing about it, nor can they. An easy-going American kind of nihilism has descended upon us, a nihilism without terror of the abyss. The great questions —God, freedom, and immortality, according to Kant—hardly touch the young. And the universities, which should encourage the quest for the clarification of such questions, are the very source of the doctrine which makes that quest appear futile.

The heads of the young are stuffed with a jargon derived from the despair of European thinkers, gaily repackaged for American consumption and presented as the foundation for a pluralistic society. That jargon becomes a substitute for real experiences and instinct; one suspects that modern thought has produced an artificial soul to replace the old one supplied by nature, which was full of dangerous longings, loves, hates, and awes. The new soul's language consists of terms like *value*, *ideology*, *self*, *commitment*, *identity*—every word derived from recent German philosophy, and each carrying a heavy baggage of dubious theoretical interpretation of which its users are blissfully unaware. They take such language to be as unproblematic and immediate as night and day. It now constitutes our peculiar common sense.

The new language subtly injects into our system the perspective of "do your own thing" as the only plausible way of life. I know that sounds vaguely passé, a remnant leftover from the Sixties. But it is precisely the routinization of the passions of the Sixties that is the core of what is going on now, just as the Sixties were merely a radicalization of earlier tendencies.

The American regime has always attempted to palliate extreme beliefs that lead to civil strife, particularly religious beliefs. The members of sects had to obey the laws and be loyal to the Constitution; if they did so, others had to leave them alone. To make things work, it was thought helpful that men's beliefs be moderated. There was a conscious, if covert, effort to weaken religious fervor by assigning religion to the realm of opinion as opposed to knowledge. But everyone had to have an intense belief in the right of freedom of religion; the existence of that natural right was not to be treated as a matter of opinion.

The insatiable appetite for freedom to live as one pleases thrives on this aspect of modern democratic thought. The expansion of the area exempt from legitimate regulation is effected by contracting the claims to moral and political knowledge. It appears that full freedom can be attained only when there is no such knowledge. The effective way to defang oppressors is to persuade them that they are ignorant of the good. There are no absolutes: freedom is absolute.

A doctrine that gives equal rights to any way of life whatsoever has the double advantage of licensing one's own way of life and of giving one a democratic good conscience. The very lack of morality is a morality and permits what Saul Bellow has called "easy virtue," a mixture of egotism and high-mindedness. Now, in feeling as well as in speech, a large segment of our young are open, open to every "lifestyle." But the fatal consequence of this openness has been the withering of their belief in their own way of life and of their capacity to generate goals. The palliation of beliefs culminates in pallid belief. A soul which esteems indiscriminately must be an artificial soul, and that, to repeat, is what we are coming near to constituting, not by some inevitable historical process but by a conscious educational project. This project masquerades as the essential democratic theory without which we would collapse into tyranny or the war of all prejudices against all. Its premise is that truth itself must be prejudice or at least treated as such.

The tendency toward indiscriminateness—the currently negative connotation of the word *discrimination* tells us much—is apparently perennial in democracy. The need to subordinate the more refined sensibilities to a common denominator and the unwillingness to order the soul's desires according to their rank conduce to easy-goingness. The democratic ethos obscures the reason for the desirability of such self-mastery. This is the moral problem of democracy and why fortuitous external necessities like war or poverty seem

Mr. Bloom is a professor of the Committee on Social Thought and the College at the University of Chicago. He has translated Plato's Republic *and Rousseau's* Emile, *has written extensively on Rousseau and Plato, and is author of* Shakespeare's Politics.

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Today a young person does not generally go off to the university with the expectation of having an intellectual adventure, of discovering strange new worlds, of finding out what the comprehensive truth about man is

to bring out the best in us. Plato describes the natural bent of the democratic man thus:

> He . . . also lives along day by day, gratifying the desire that occurs to him, at one time drinking and listening to the flute, at another downing water and reducing; now practicing gymnastics, and again idling and neglecting everything; and sometimes spending his time as though he were occupied with philosophy. Often he engages in politics and, jumping up, says and does whatever chances to come to him; and if he ever admires any soldiers, he turns in that direction; and if it's moneymakers, in that one. And there is neither order nor necessity in his life, but calling this life sweet, free, and blessed he follows it throughout.

This account is easily recognizable when applied to the middle-class youth who attend America's top colleges and universities. But Plato's description omits a more sinister element in our situation. Plato's young man believes that each of the lives he follows is really good, at least when he follows it. His problem is that he cannot keep his mind made up. Our young person, by contrast, is always plagued by a gnawing doubt as to whether the activity he undertakes is worth anything, whether this end is not just another "value," an illusion that men once believed in but which our "historical consciousness" reveals as only a cultural phenomenon. There are a thousand and one such goals; they are not believed in because they exist, they exist because one believes in them. Since we now know this, we can no longer believe. The veil of illusion has been torn away forever. The trendy language for this alleged experience is *demystification* or *demythologization*. This teaching now has the status of dogma. It leads to a loss of immediacy in all experience and a suspicion that every way of life is a "role." The substitution of the expression "lifestyle," which we can change at will, for the good life, the rational quest for which is the origin of philosophy, tells the story. That is what I mean by nihilism, and this nihilism has resulted from a questionable doctrine that we seem no longer able to question.

All of us who are under sixty know something about this doctrine and its transmission, for since the Thirties it is what the schools have been teaching. For fifty years the only spiritual substance they have been trying to convey is openness, the disdain for the ethnocentric. Of course, they have also been teaching the three Rs, but their moral and intellectual energy has been turned almost exclusively in this direction. Schools once produced citizens, or gentlemen, or believers; now they produce the unprejudiced. A university professor confronting entering freshmen can be almost certain that most of them will know that there are no absolutes and that one cannot say that one culture is superior to another. They can scarcely believe that someone might seriously argue the contrary; the attempt to do so meets either self-satisfied smiles at something so old-fashioned or outbursts of anger at a threat to decent respect for other human beings. In the Thirties this teaching was actually warring against some real prejudices of race, religion, or nation; but what remains now is mostly the means for weakening conviction when convictions have disappeared.

The doctrine of cultural relativism did not emerge from the study of cultures. It was a philosophic doctrine that gave a special interpretation of the meaning of culture and had a special political attractiveness. It could appeal to the taste for diversity as opposed to our principled homogeneity. All kinds of people climbed aboard—disaffected Southern snobs who had never accepted the Declaration and the Constitution anyhow, Stalinists who wanted us to love Soviet tyranny without being too explicit about it, and similar types. No choices would have to be made. We could have the charms of old cultures, of what one now calls roots, along with democratic liberties. All that was required was an education making other ways attractive and disenchanting one's own. It is not so much the knowledge of other cultures that is important, but the consciousness that one loves one's own way because it is one's own, not because it is good. People must understand that they are what they are and what they believe only because of accidents of time and place.

The equality of values seemed to be a decisive step in the march of equality. So sure were our social scientists of the truth and vigor of democracy that they did not even dimly perceive what Weber knew, that his view undermined democracy, which stands or falls with reason. Only democracy traces all its authority to reason; other kinds of regimes can more or less explicitly appeal to other sources. When we talk about the West's lack of conviction or lack of will, we show that we are beginning to recognize what has happened to us. Exhortations to believe, however, are useless. It is only by thinking ideas through again that we can determine whether our reason can any longer give assent to our principles.

But this serious reconsideration is not taking place in the universities.

II

Today a young person does not generally go off to the university with the expectation of having an intellectual adventure, of discovering strange new worlds, of finding out what the comprehensive truth about man is. This is partly because he thinks he already knows, partly because he thinks such truth unavailable. And the university does not try to persuade him that he is coming to it for the purpose of being liberally educated, at least in any meaningful sense of the term—to study how to be free, to be able to think for himself. The university has no vision, no view of what a human being must know in order to be considered educated. Its general purpose is lost amid the incoherent variety of spe- →

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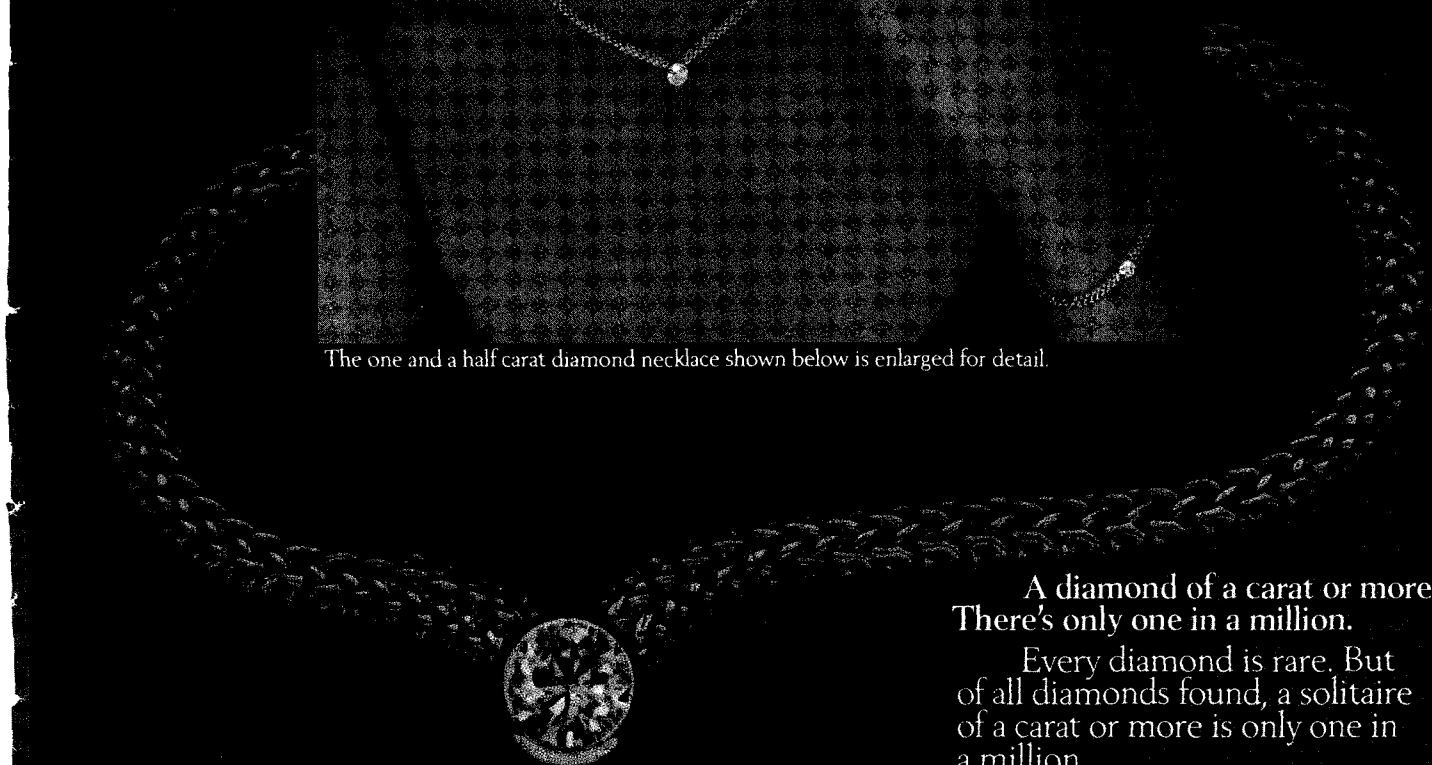

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The Dispersion Analysis

Exhaust dispersion near a roadway is influenced by the turbulence and heat generated by moving vehicles. Findings at the General Motors Research Laboratories have provided a new understanding of the dispersion process.

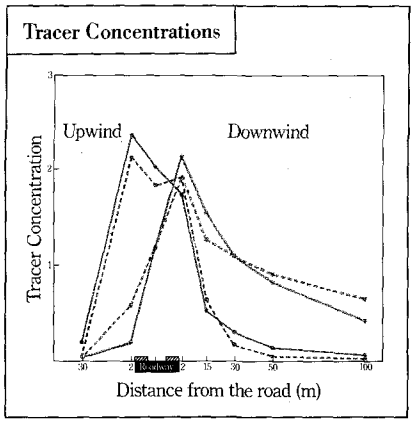


Figure 1: Observed (solid lines) and predicted (dashed lines) tracer concentrations near ground level as a function of distance from the edge of the road. Blue lines indicate the case in which the wind is perpendicular to the road; red lines, when the wind is nearly parallel to the road and opposing the upwind-lane traffic.

Figure 2: This representation of a roadway viewed from above shows the location of large vortices formed by local wind shear when the wind opposes the upwind-lane traffic.

BY USING the conservation-of-mass equation, one can describe the dispersion of gaseous molecules in the atmosphere. The equation includes terms for advection, diffusion, sources and sinks. Advection is the transport of air parcels by the mean wind; diffusion is due mainly to turbulent mixing. But the equation is useful only if we have information about the wind and temperature fields in the atmosphere. Specifically, our ability to predict vehicular exhaust concentrations near a road depends on knowledge of the effects of vehicles on these fields.

The conservation-of-mass equation for the mean concentration of any species, C, is

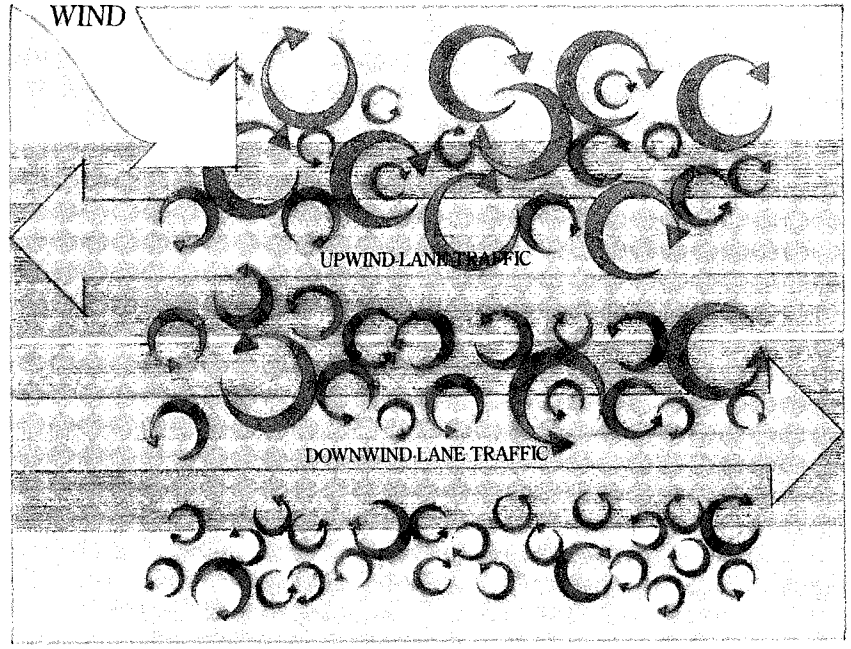
$$\frac{\partial C}{\partial t} + \sum_i \frac{\partial (U_i C)}{\partial x_i} = \sum_{i,j} \frac{\partial}{\partial x_i}\left(K_{ij}\frac{\partial C}{\partial x_j}\right) + So + Si$$

Local rate of change — Advection — Diffusion — Sources — Sinks

where U_i is the mean wind velocity and K_{ij} is the eddy diffusivity tensor. This equation applies when the length scale of mixing is small compared to that of the variation of the mean concentration. Near a road, this condition is met if the averaging time for the concentration and wind velocity is much longer than the time interval of vehicular passage. For a straight roadway, a long averaging time allows one to assume spatial uniformity in the direction parallel to the road, and to ignore the spatial derivatives in that direction.

The input information for K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components near a roadway became available as a result of a large-scale experiment conducted by the General Motors Research Laboratories. The experiment has provided an understanding of the influence of moving vehicles on mechanical turbulence and buoyancy near a roadway. Dr. David Chock was responsible for the design of the experiment and the analysis of the data. The experiment, which duplicated a heavily traveled, level roadway, was conducted under meterological conditions minimizing dispersion.

Moving vehicles affect the mean crossroad and vertical wind components in the following ways. Vehicles act as an obstacle to the mean wind, causing it to slow and move upward as it approaches the vehicles and downward as it leaves the road. In addition, vehicles release heat, which causes a net upward motion. It was established that the increase in the mean vertical wind component due to the exhaust heat was $(B/U)^{1/2}$ where U is the crossroad wind component.



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The buoyancy flux, B, is proportional to the heat emission rate of the vehicles.

Moving vehicles also enhance both turbulence intensity and mixing. To determine how this modifies the eddy diffusivity tensor, K_{ij}, Dr. Chock invoked a "second-order closure" assumption, which relates eddy diffusivity to Reynolds stresses and the gradients of mean wind velocity and mean temperature. Eddy diffusivity was assumed to be the sum of ambient and traffic contributions. To determine the traffic contribution, the length scale of the traffic-induced turbulence was assumed to be comparable to vehicle height—1.5 m.

USING THE vast data base compiled during the experiment, Dr. Chock was able to specify K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components, and solve the equation numerically. To test the model, half-hour measurements of a tracer gas were used to map out experimentally the exhaust dispersion under various meteorological conditions. The case where the wind speed is low and the wind direction is nearly perpendicular to the roadway is represented by the blue lines in Figure 1. Both the model and the experiment show the same dispersion pattern. The peak concentration is on the downwind roadside.

When the wind is nearly parallel to the road, the situation is much more complicated. Figure 2 shows that when the wind and traffic flow on the upwind lanes oppose each other, a high shear region occurs immediately upwind of the first traffic lane. When the wind and traffic are in the same direction, the high shear region occurs in the median of the road. In these high shear regions, large eddies are generated and turbulent mixing is intense. The red lines in Figure 1 show a comparison of the model's predictions with the tracer data for the case illustrated by Figure 2. Notice that the peak concentration can actually occur on the upwind roadside, due to the exhaust transport by these large eddies. Dr. Chock's model is the first to predict this occurrence.

Under all combinations of wind speeds and directions, the predictions based on the model compare favorably with the measured tracer concentrations. There is little systematic bias with respect to wind direction.

"In light of this new model, exhaust dispersion near a roadway can now be predicted with reliability," says Dr. Chock. "This is of importance for environmentally sound road planning, and opens the door to the investigation of dispersion on city streets, where the presence of tall structures introduces even further complexity."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. David Chock is a Senior Staff Research Scientist in the Environmental Science Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Chock received his Ph.D. in Chemical Physics from the University of Chicago. His thesis concerned the quantum mechanics of molecules and molecular crystals. As a Postdoctoral Fellow at the Free University of Brussels, he did research work on the dynamics of critical phenomena. He did additional postdoctoral work in the fields of solid-state physics and fluid dynamics.

Dr. Chock joined the corporation in 1972. He is leader of the GM atmospheric modeling group. His current research interests include the phenomena of atmospheric transport and reactions, and the statistical study of time-series data.

General Motors

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We're doing what has to be done.

Danger– Handle With Care!

Love Canal dramatized the dangers of hazardous wastes. Business, government, and the insurance industry are showing that today's dumps need not be tomorrow's disasters.

In a modern, heavily-industrialized society, waste materials are abundant and, in some cases, dangerous. Toxic leftovers from many industrial processes can pollute the environment, contaminate the water, and threaten the public safety. And, let's face it, serious accidents have occurred.

Today, the combined efforts of legislators, regulators, responsible waste-generating companies, the insurance business, and a concerned public are being felt.

New laws and standards go a long way toward making sure that firms that produce, move, store, or dispose of dangerous substances do so with care. Government tests and inspections are meant to assure compliance and minimize risk. Concerned industries have developed new technology and methods for safe waste disposal. But with materials this potentially dangerous, the best of care may not prevent every accident.

Although any accident with hazardous substances is bad news, some accidents are worse than others. And more insidious. Sudden spills and fires are quickly found and remedies quickly applied. Liability insurance for those accidents has been available for some time. But the material we're talking

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about stays dangerous even though it's buried. What happens if containers gradually corrode and leak? What happens if the stuff buried in dumps begins to seep? Through inadvertence or ignorance, danger may lurk. But now, liability insurance for this risk, too, is becoming available.

Those in the business of producing, moving, storing or disposing of dangerous waste must be responsible to the public for *any* harm done them—sudden or gradual—one leaking drum or the slow leaking of an entire dump site. If they can't pay for the damage done, they shouldn't be in the business. Under new law, they *can't* be in the business.

Responsible handlers of hazardous waste are embarking on a difficult path—continuing industrial activity in a manner as safe to society as possible and in compliance with extensive governmental regulation.

Property-casualty insurance companies are helping those waste generators by evaluating their risk potential. And now, insurance companies have devised a way for waste generators to be financially responsible as regulations require, able to compensate people harmed by either sudden or gradual pollution.

Liability Insurance for Environmental Impairment is one of the most challenging coverages property-casualty insurance companies have ever been asked to provide. The potential for loss to both people and property is large and little known. But if proper safety standards are issued and enforced by either federal or state government, and if insurance companies are allowed to administer the coverage with some sense of certainty, this new insurance can do a job. It will be one of the best ways for handlers and disposers of toxic wastes to meet the responsibility that the law demands and the public deserves.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038

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The old books are still around, but one "knows" that they contain mere opinions, no better than any others. The result is true philistinism, a withering of taste and a conformity to what is prevalent in the present

cial purposes that have accreted within it. Such a general purpose may be vague and undemonstrable, but for just this reason it requires the most study. The meaning of life is unclear, but that is why we must spend our lives clarifying it rather than letting the question go. The university's function is to remind students of the importance and urgency of the question and give them the means to pursue it. Universities do have other responsibilities, but this should be their highest priority.

They have, however, been so battered by modern doctrines, social demands, the requirements of the emancipated specialties, that they have tacitly agreed not to open Pandora's box and start a civil war. They provide a general framework that keeps the peace but they lack a goal of their own.

When the arriving student surveys the scene, he sees a bewildering variety of choices. The professional schools beckon him by providing him with an immediate motive: a lucrative and prestigious livelihood guaranteed by simply staying in the university to the conclusion of training. Medicine and law were always such possibilities; with the recent addition of the MBA, the temptation has radically increased. If the student decides to take this route, liberal education is practically over for him.

If he first turns his eye to what was traditionally thought to be the center of the university, he will confront—aside from a few hot programs like black studies, native studies, women's studies, which are largely exercises in consciousness-raising—the natural sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities.

The natural sciences thrive, full of good conscience and good works. But they are ever more specialized and ever more separate from the rest of the university; they have no need of it. They don't object to liberal education, if it doesn't get in the way of their research and training. And they have nothing to say, even about themselves or their role in the whole human picture, let alone about the kinds of questions that agitated Descartes, Newton, and Leibniz. Their results speak for themselves, but they do not say quite enough.

The social sciences are the source of much useful research and information, but they are long past the first effervescence of their Marxist-Freudian-Weberian period. Then they expected to find a new and more scientific way to answer the old questions of philosophy. Such hopes and claims quietly disappeared from the scene during the past 15 years. Their solid reasons for existence are in specialized study of interest rates, Iranian politics, or urban trends. Practically no economist conceives of doing what Adam Smith did, and the few who try produce petty and trivial stuff. The case is pretty much the same for the other social sciences. They are theoretically barren, and the literature read and used by them is mostly ephemera of the last fifty years.

The remainder is to be found in the humanities, the smallest, least funded, most dispirited part of the university. The humanities are the repository of the books that are at the foundation of our religion, our philosophy, our politics, our science, as well as our art. Here, if anywhere, one ought to find the means to doubt what seems most certain. Only here are the questions about knowledge, about the good life, about God and love and death, at home in the university. If, however, one looks at the humanistic side of the campus, one finds a hodgepodge of disciplines, not integrally related with one another and without much sense of common purpose. The books are divided up among language departments, according to the largely accidental fact of the language in which they were written. Such departments have as their primary responsibility the teaching of the language in question (a very depressing responsibility now that languages have fallen into particular disfavor with students).

Humanists in general are the guardians of great books, but rarely take seriously the naïve notion that these books might contain the truth which has escaped us. Yet without the belief that from Plato one might learn how to live or that from Shakespeare one might get the deepest insight into the passions and the virtues, no one who is not professionally obligated will take them seriously. Try as they may, the humanities will fail to interest if they do not teach *the truth*, even as natural and social science are supposed to do. To present the great writers and artists as representatives of cultures or examples of the way thought is related to society, or in any of the other modes common today, is to render them uninteresting to the healthy intellect. The comprehensive questions have their natural home in the humanities, but it is there that the historical-cultural doubt about the possibility of answering them is most acute. Professors of humanities more than any others wonder whether they have a truth to tell.

Philosophy should, of course, provide the focus for the most needful study. But it is just one department among many and, in the democracy of the specialties, it no longer has the will to insist that it is the queen of the sciences. Moreover, in most philosophy departments the study of the classic texts is not central. Professors "do" their own philosophy and do not try to pose the questions as they were posed by the old writers. This is especially the case for the dominant school of thought in the United States, the Oxford school.

Of all university members, humanists have the least self-confidence. The students are abandoning them, and they have difficulty speaking to the concerns of the age. They fear they may have to huckster—if they are not already doing so—in order to keep afloat. In their heart of hearts many doubt that they have much to say. After all, most of the writers they promote can be convicted of elitism and sexism, the paramount sins of the day.

There are, to be sure, many dedicated individuals in the

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humanities who know what needs to be done and can draw students' attention to the impoverished state of their experience and show them that great texts address their concerns. But the endeavor of these professors is a lonely one with little corporate resonance. The students are not reading the same books and addressing the same questions, so that their common social life cannot be affected by a common intellectual life.

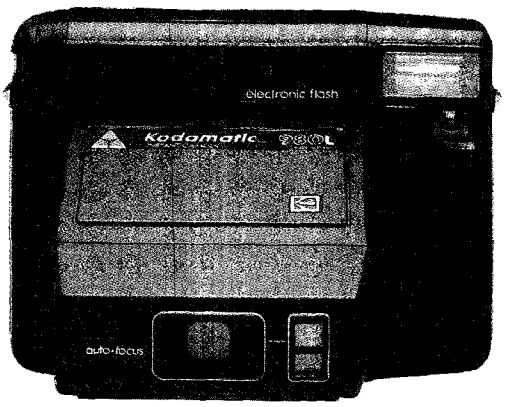
It should be added that the humanities are also the center of some of the fastest selling intellectual items of the day—structuralism, deconstructionism, and Marxist humanism. The members of these schools—particularly rampant in comparative literature—do read books and talk big ideas. In that sense they are the closest thing to what the university should be about. The problem with them, and all of them are alike in this respect, is that the books are not taken seriously on their own grounds but are used as vile bodies for the sake of demonstrating theses brought to them by the interpreters. They know what they are looking for before they begin. Their approaches are ultimately derived from Marx or Nietzsche, whose teachings are tacitly taken to be true.

It is small wonder that the student is bewildered about what it means to be educated. The new liberal education requirements some universities are instituting are little more than tours of what is being done in the various workshops. To be sure, they always add on a course requirement, in a non-Western civilization or culture, but that is just another bit of demagogy serving the indoctrination of openness. Serious physicists would never require a course in non-Western physics. Culture and civilization are irrelevant to the truth. One finds it where one can. Only if truth is relative to culture does this make sense. But, once again, this is our dogma, accepted for covert political reasons. This dogma is the greatest enemy of liberal education. It undermines the unity of man, our common humanity in the intellect, which makes the university possible and permits it to treat man as simply without distinction.

III

Three conclusions have forced themselves on me about students, their characters and ways, conclusions that have to do with their education and their educability. They are not scientific generalizations based on survey research,

Give.



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but they are the result of long observation of, and careful listening to, young people in our better universities by one who is intensely interested in their real openness, their openness to higher learning.

1. *Books.* They are no longer an important part of the lives of students. "Information" is important, but profound and beautiful books are not where they go for it. They have no books that are companions and friends to which they look for counsel, companionship, inspiration, or pleasure. They do not expect to find in them sympathy for, or clarification of, their inmost desires and experiences. The link between the classic books and the young, which persisted for so long and in so many circumstances, and is the only means of connecting the here and the now with the always, this link has been broken. The Bible and Plutarch have ceased to be a part of the soul's furniture, an incalculable loss of fullness and awareness of which the victims are unaware.

The loss of the taste for reading has been blamed on television, the universal villain of social critics. But lack of reverence for antiquity and contempt for tradition are democratic tendencies. It should be the university's business to provide a corrective to these tendencies; however, I believe that the universities are most to blame for them. After all, they taught the schoolteachers. For a very long time now the universities have been preoccupied with abstract modern schools of thought that were understood to have surpassed all earlier thought and rendered it obsolete. And their primary concern has been to indoctrinate social attitudes, to "socialize," rather than to educate. The old books are still around, but one "knows" that they contain mere opinions, no better than any others. The result is true philistinism, a withering of taste and a conformity to what is prevalent in the present. It means the young have no heroes, no objects of aspiration. It is all both relaxing and boring, a soft imprisonment.

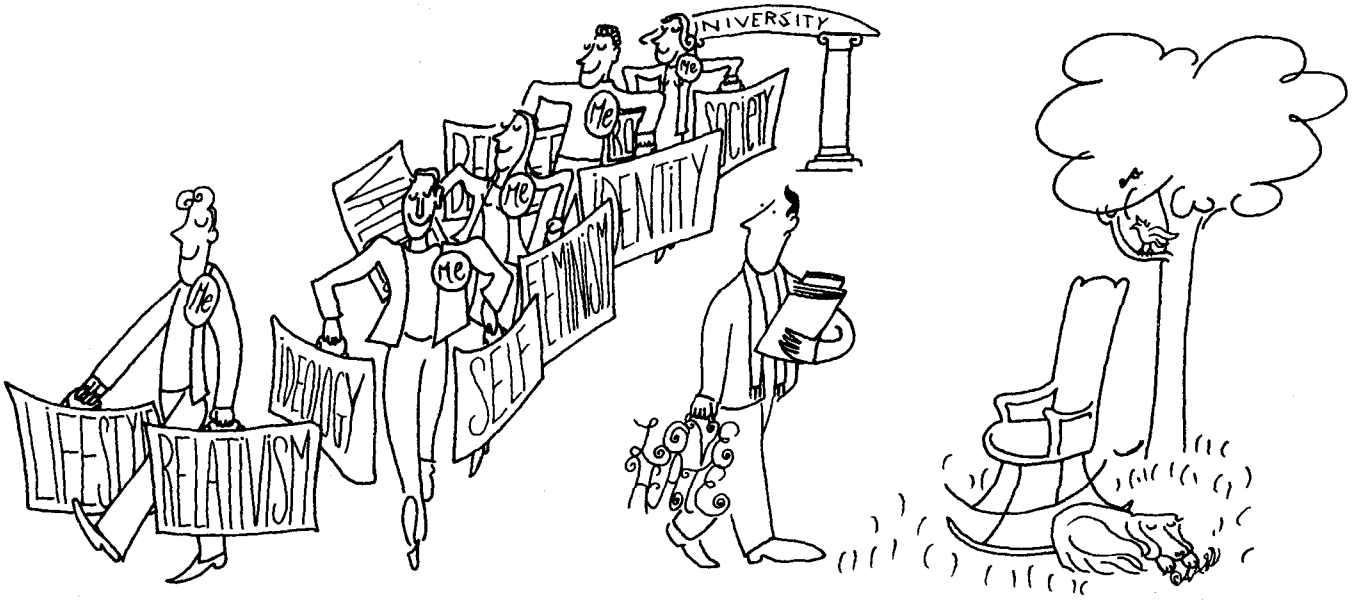
2. *Music.* While I am not certain about the effects of television, I am quite certain about those of music. Many students do not watch much television while in college, but they do listen to music. From the time of puberty, and earlier, music has been the food of their souls. This is the audio generation. And classical music is dead, at least as a common taste. Rock is all there is.

There is now one culture for everyone, in music as in language. It is a music that moves the young powerfully and immediately. Its beat goes to the depth of their souls and inarticulately expresses their inarticulate longings. Those longings are sexual, and the beat appeals almost exclusively to that. It caters to kiddy sexuality, at best to puppy love. The first untutored feelings of adolescents are taken over by this music and given a form and a satisfaction. The words make little difference; they may be explicitly sexual, or sermons in favor of nuclear disarmament, or even religious—the motor of it all is eroticism. The youngsters know this perfectly well, even if their parents do not.

Rock music caused a great evolution in the relations between parents and children. Its success was the result of an amazing cooperation among lust, art, and commercial shrewdness. Without parents realizing it, their children were liberated from them. The children had money to spend. The record companies recognized as much and sold them music appealing to their secret desires. Never before was a form of art (however questionable) directed to so young an audience. This art gave children's feelings public respectability. The education of children had escaped their parents, no matter how hard they tried to prevent it. The most powerful formative influence on children between 12 and 18 is not the school, not the church, not the home, but rock music and all that goes with it. It is not an elevating but a leveling influence. The children have as their heroes banal, drug- and sex-ridden guttersnipes who foment rebellion not only against parents but against all noble sentiments. This is the emotional nourishment they ingest in these precious years. It is the real junk food.

One thing I have no difficulty teaching students today is the passage in the *Republic* where Socrates explains that control over music is control over character and that the rhythm and the melody are more powerful than the words. They do not especially like Socrates's views on music, but they understand perfectly what he is about and the importance of the issue.

3. *Sex.* No change has been so rapid, so great, and so surprising as the change in the last twenty years concerning sex and the relations between the sexes. Young people of college age are very much affected by the sexual passion and preoccupied with love, marriage, and the family (to use an old formula that is now painfully inadequate to what is real-



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Men and women are together in what is supposed to be an easy camaraderie. If coupling takes place, it must not disturb the smooth surface of human endeavor. Above all: no courtship or courtliness

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ly meant). It is an age of excitement and uncertainty, and much of the motivation for study and reflection of a broader sort comes from the will to adorn and clarify erotic longings.

It is, however, in this domain that the listless, nihilistic mood has its practical expression and most affects the life of the students. The prevailing atmosphere deprives sex of seriousness as well as of charm. And, what is more, it makes it very difficult to think about sex. In a permissive era, when it is almost respectable to think and even do the deeds of Oedipus, shame and guilt have taken refuge in a new redoubt and made certain things unthinkable. Terror grips man at the thought he might be sexist. For all other tastes there is sympathy and support in universities. Sexism, whatever it may mean, is unpardonable.

The great change in sexual behavior has taken place in two stages. The first is what was called the sexual revolution. This meant simply that pre- and extra-marital sex became much more common, and the various penalties for promiscuity were either much reduced or disappeared. In the middle Sixties I noticed that very nice students who previously would have hidden their affairs abandoned all pretense. They would invite their professors to dine in apartments where they lived together and not hesitate to give expression to physical intimacy in a way that even married couples would rarely do before their peers.

This kind of change, of course, implied a very different way of thinking about things. Desire always existed, but it used to war with conscience, shame, and modesty. These now had to be deprecated as prejudices, as pointing to nothing beyond themselves. Religious and philosophic moral teachings that supported such sentiments became old hat, and a certain materialism which justified bodily satisfaction seemed more plausible.

The world looks very different than it once did to young people entering college. The kinds of questions they ask, and the sensitivities they bring to these fresh circumstances, are vastly altered. The tension of high expectation has been relaxed; there is much they no longer have to find out. A significant minority of students couple off very early and live together throughout college with full awareness that they intend to go their separate ways afterward. They are just taking care of certain needs in a sensible way. There is, for a member of an older generation, an incomprehensible slackness of soul in all this. Certainly the adventurousness of such people, who are half-married but without the moral benefits of responsibility, is lamed. There is nothing wild, Dionysian, searching, in our promiscuity. It has a dull, sterilized, scientific character.

One must add that an increasing number of students come from divorced families and include in their calculation the possibility or the likelihood of divorce in their own future. The possibility of separation is not a neutral fact, allowing people to stay or go; it encourages separation because it establishes a psychology of separateness.

The result is inevitably egotism, not because the individuals are evil or naturally more prone to selfishness than those of another era. If there is no other thing to be attached to, the desires concerning ourselves are ever present. This tendency is particularly pronounced in an age when political ties are weak. People can hardly be blamed for not being attached when there is nothing that calls forth attachment. There can be no doubt that the sexual revolution plays a great role in dissolving the bonds founded on sexual relationships. What is not sufficiently understood is that in modern society there is little else that can be the basis for moral association. There is a repulsive lack of self-knowledge in those who attack the "nuclear family" and are rhapsodic about the "extended family" and real "community." Looseness is thus made into an ethical critique of our society. The "extended family" is no more possible in our time or consonant with our principles than is feudalism, while the "nuclear family" is still a viable alternative, but one that needs support in theory and practice. It provides a natural basis for connectedness. One can give it up, but one has to know the price. There is simply nothing else that is generally operative in society at large.

But even more powerful than all of the above changes are the effects of feminism, which is still early in its career of reform and is the second stage of the great change of which I am speaking. The theme is too vast to treat properly, but one can say that it, much more than the sexual revolution, takes place on the level of thought rather than that of instinct. Consciousness must be altered. Women have been exploited and misused throughout the entire past, and only now can one find out their real potential. We are on the threshold of a whole new world and a whole new understanding. And Right and Left are in large measure united on the issue. There is an almost universal agreement, among those who count for university students, that feminism is simply justified as is.

The degree of common agreement comes home to me when I teach the Socrates fantasy in the *Republic* about the abolition of the difference between the sexes. Twenty years ago it was an occasion of laughter, and my problem was to get students to take it seriously. Today it seems perfectly commonplace, and students take it all too seriously, failing to catch the irony. They do not note the degree to which Socrates acts as though men and women have no bodies and lightly give up all the things that are one's own, particularly those one loves—parents, spouses, children. All of them are connected with the bisexuality of the species. In doing this, Socrates shows the ambiguity of our nature and the degree of tension between our common humanity and our sexual

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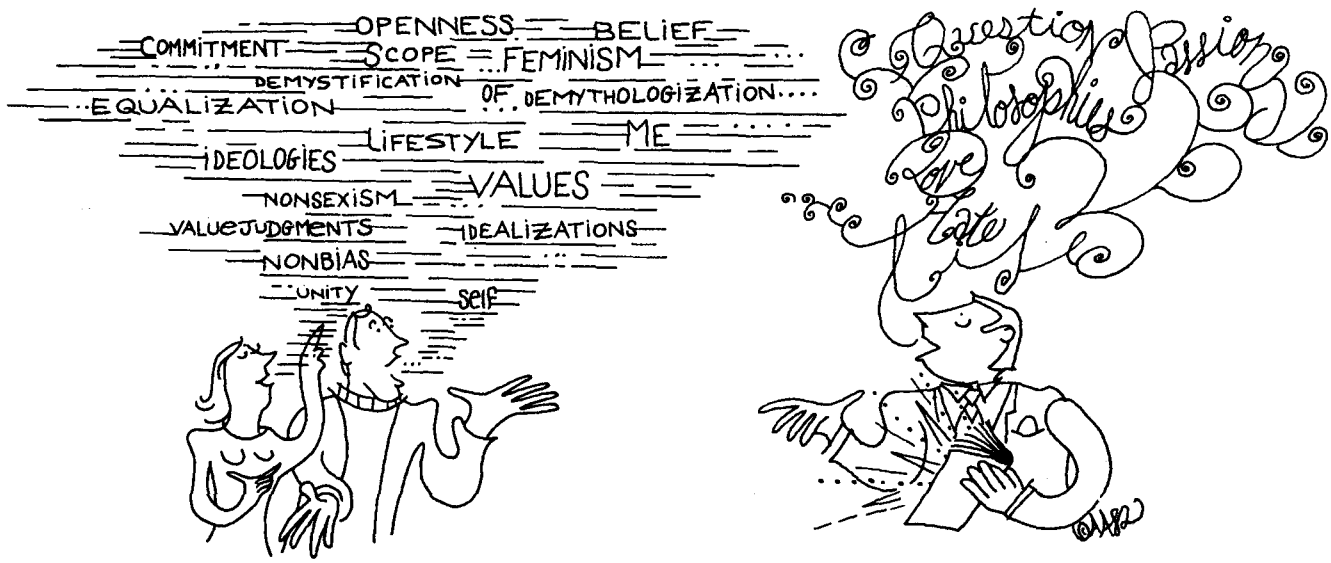
separateness. The balance between the two is always fraught with difficulties. One must decide which has primacy; and this decision must be made in full awareness of the loss entailed by it. Our students no longer understand this.

It is here that a great difference between the situation of women and that of men comes to light. Women today have, to use our new talk, an agenda. They want to have the opportunity to pursue careers, and they want to find ways to reconcile this goal with having families. Also, it is their movement, so they are involved and excited, have much to talk about. The men, on the other hand, are waiting to be told what is on the agenda and ready to conform to its demands. There is little inclination to resist. All the principles have been accepted; it only remains to see how to live by them. Women are to have careers just as do men and, if there is to be marriage, the wife's career is not to be sacrificed to the man's; home and children are a shared responsibility; when and if there are to be children is up to the woman, and the decision to terminate or complete a pregnancy is a woman's right. Above all, women are not to have a "role" imposed on them. They have a right of self-definition. The women were the victims and must be the leaders in their recovery from victimization. The men, as they themselves see it, have to be understanding and flexible. There are no guidelines; each case is individual. One can't know what to expect. Openness, again, is the virtue.

The result is a desexualization of life, all the while that a lot of sexual activity is going on, and a reduction of the differences between the sexes. Anger and spiritedness are definitely out. Men and women in universities frequently share common dwellings and common facilities. Sex is all right, but it creates a problem. There are no forms in which it is to express itself, and it is a reminder of differentiation where there is supposed to be none. It is difficult to shift from the mode of sameness into that of romance. Therefore advances are tentative, nobody is quite sure where they are to begin, and men's fear of stereotyping women is ever-present. It is love that is being sacrificed, for it makes woman into an object to be possessed. Dating is almost a thing of the past. Men and women are together in what is supposed to be an easy camaraderie. If coupling takes place, it must not disturb the smooth surface of common human endeavor. Above all: no courtship or courtliness. Now there is friendship, mutual respect, communication; realism without foolish fabulation or hopes. One wonders what primal feelings and desires are pushed down beneath the pat uniformity of the speech they almost all use, a self-congratulatory speech which affirms that they are the first to have discovered how to relate to other people.

This conviction has as its first consequence that all old books are no longer relevant, because their authors were sexists (if they happened to be women, they were maimed by living in sexist society). There is little need of the commissars who are popping up all over the place to make the point that Eve, Cleopatra, Emma Bovary, and Anna Karenina are parts of male chauvinist propaganda. The students have gotten the point. These figures can't move their imaginations because their situations have nothing to do with situations in which students expect to find themselves. They need no inquisition to root out sexist heresies—although they will get one. And in the absence (temporary, of course) of a literature produced by feminism to rival the literature of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Racine, and Stendhal, students are without literary inspiration. Teaching romantic novels to university students (in spite of the healthy perseverance of this genre, as indicated by the success of the Harlequin romances—I find one free in every box of Hefty garbage bags I buy these days) is a quasi-impossibility. Students are either not interested or use it as grist for their ideological mill. Such books do not cause them to wonder whether they are missing something. All that passion seems pointless.



Notwithstanding all our relativism, there are certain things we know and which cannot be doubted. These are the tenets of the egalitarian creed, and today its primary tenet is that the past was sexist. This means that all the doubts which tradition should inspire in us in order to liberate us from the prejudices of our time are in principle closed to us. This is the source of the contentless certainty that is the hallmark of the young. This is what a teacher faces today. I do not say that the situation is impossible or worse than it ever was. The human condition is always beset by problems. But these are *our* problems, and we must face them clearly. They constitute a crisis for humane learning but also reaffirm the need for it. The bleak picture is often relieved by the rays of natural curiosity about a better way: it can happen any time a student confronts a great book. □

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My Client, the Celebrity

VICTOR GOLD

I HAVE NO idea how he got out. You'll have to check that with the legal department. As I recall, it had something to do with his passing the psychiatric exam. On the other hand, it might have been because he flunked it. In either case, it was no big deal. As that mediagenic psychologist told Chris Wallace on the *Today* show the morning after it happened . . .

WALLACE: I take it then, Doctor, you're not particularly concerned about the possibility of recidivism with this patient.

GUEST EXPERT: Let me put it this way, Chris: the chance that he'll ever take a shot at the President again is fairly remote.

Then, of course, there was that Op-Ed piece the *Times* carried the same day, where a former U.S. Attorney General—I forget the name, but you know the one—pointed out that although we keep locking these birds up, it doesn't seem to deter assassination attempts, so why not try a more compassionate approach?

It made sense to me; but as I say, I'm no lawyer, only a flack, and as far as I'm concerned, Celebrity, like Justice, is blind. This means that when the main man of the talent agency I work for puts me on top of a hot new account, I don't quibble over details.

"This time around, it's a class act!" exclaimed Arnie with a flourish. "I'm talking about a *People* magazine cover, the *Playboy* interview, Walters, Moyers, Donahue, and top dollar on the campus lecture circuit. Not to forget Book-of-the-Month, a prime-time docudrama, and a Major New Motion Picture. But remember"—he held up a cautionary finger—"nothing tasteless, understand? We're not handling some congressional floozie here, but the misunderstood product of a world he never made. Got the parameters?"

Indeed I did. Though the fine details were yet to be worked out, it was clear that the founder and resident genius of our agency, Celebrity Unlimited, had developed some broad new market strategy for this client.

"What we're looking at," I responded, trying to home in on his creative vibes, "is the Universal Guilt bit, right? Society did it, he's really the victim."

Arnie tugged at an earlobe and nodded; but a tentative nod, one that told me that his agile hustler's mind was taking quantum leaps, exploring new galaxies in the making of a media superstar.

"Universal Guilt is a given," he replied. "But for this client, I want something extra. Some added element of—*character*."

Character? I have to confess that at that point our resident genius was a cosmos away from me. Universal Guilt I can recite in my sleep, but what could *character* possibly have to do with modern-day Celebrity? I was still mulling that riddle a week later, sitting in the studio while the client went through the paces in his first network one-on-one.

Excerpt, Barbara Walters's exclusive interview, 20/20:

WALTERS: Remorse?

THE CLIENT: Oh, definitely, Barbara.

WALTERS: On a scale of 1 to 10, how much?

THE CLIENT: A ten, no doubt about it.

WALTERS: But how can that be? I see you here, as our millions of viewers do, and what we see is the same person who—

THE CLIENT: Pardon me, Barbara, but I'm not really the same person. Not at all. Because, you see, since the trauma I've had time to rethink my values, to find out what's really going down, you know? And I've made a discovery that changed everything.

WALTERS: I see. You mean, you've forgiven society.

THE CLIENT: More than that, Barbara, I've found Zen.

Well, I don't have to tell you, that scored big in the West Coast ratings, but back at the office our resident genius was less than satisfied.

"Nice try," Arnie snapped, "but a little short on originality. Are you with me?"

To tell the truth, I wasn't, but contemplating my future in the Celebrity Game, I felt it was worth a few guesses.

"Stupid of me! How could I have missed it?" I said, rapping knuckles to forehead. "What this needs is the old Albert Speer Weltschmerz, the one Ehrlichman and the Watergate crowd are into. O'ervaulting ambition, the moral compass gone awry—"

"Try it," Arnie shrugged. "See how it flies." And try it we did, next time around . . .

Excerpt, Bill Moyers's interview, second week of promotional tour:

MOYERS: In your book, *Aiming High*—

THE CLIENT: That's right, Bill, hold it up for the camera.

MOYERS (*chuckling*): Sorry, wouldn't want to forget that.

THE CLIENT: Nineteen ninety-five, with a special introduction by—

MOYERS: Oh, yes, I've been meaning to ask about that. What is your precise relationship with Norman?

THE CLIENT: Only this, Bill: more than anyone I've corresponded with, he seems to understand what drove me to make my imprint on history.

MOYERS: And when you say your "imprint on history," you mean—

THE CLIENT: Look, Bill, let's be honest with each other. Isn't that the American way? It's the System. We're all brought up to aspire to greater things, so there's that potential in each of us, you know? The mountain's there, so climb it—

MOYERS: The President's there, so

(Continues on page 1570)

Mr. Gold, a Washington writer, is an erstwhile PR flack and speechwriter for Republican vice presidents.

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Abroad

Luxembourg *Plucking Terrorism*

Is there a solution to the problem of prosecuting terrorists within the confines of the ten-member European Community? Does the process of extradition from one country to another at the request of judicial authorities violate the cherished right of asylum? To what extent would a terrorist apprehended and tried in another country threaten to "import" his own terrorism as a reprisal? These thorny questions are being debated among Community members here as a result of the proposal by French Minister of Justice Robert Badinter to harmonize the right of asylum with the necessity of bringing political criminals to justice. The French proposal includes the creation of a European tribunal to adjudicate political crimes when national competence is dubious. Badinter was careful to explain that no national sovereignty would be compromised by the proposal. The European court would be complementary to national courts, and would only intervene when these were incapable of adjudicating a specific case. If one country, for example, were to refuse to extradite a person arrested within its borders for crimes in another country, the courts of the first country would be forbidden to bring to trial a defendant accused of acts committed beyond that court's jurisdiction or competence. Attention was also given to the idea originally put forward by former French President Valery Giscard d'Estaing of a "European judicial space," whereby the refusal to extradite would entail the obligation to prosecute.

Tirana *Send in the Royals*

Albania, which has been ruled for forty years by the superdurable tyrant Enver Hoxha, continues to project its image as a fortress of pure, non-revisionist Communism, after having broken successively with Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China. Its bastions were recently threatened, however, when "exiled criminals" in the form of Albanian royalists who support the return of pretender King Leka I invaded the remote country on the Adriatic. They were discovered attempting to disembark on the Albanian coast but were "totally liquidated in five or six hours," according to the local news agency. King Leka, now living in a Paris suburb, said he knew about the landing but was not part of it. "In any case," he added, "an operation of the style of the Bay of Pigs was doomed to failure. I am counting rather on a revolution in the interior of the country."

Peking *Sifting Sands*

Colonel Qaddafi, the ruler of Libya, has just completed his first official visit to the People's Republic of China, an event that marks not only a new stage in the relationships between the two countries, but illustrates some of the subtleties of China's diplomatic maneuvers in Africa and the Middle East. Qaddafi had been on poor terms with the Chinese since they supplied military material to President Sadat of Egypt four years ago. But in the last year relations have improved. A few months ago, for example, He Yin, former vice minister of foreign affairs and Peking's leading Middle East expert, visited Tripoli, and in June, a Chinese economic delegation renewed commercial ties with Libya. Other visits have been exchanged since. From the Chinese point of view, the rapprochement with Libya has two purposes, according to diplomatic observers. One is to strengthen relations with any country in the Near or Middle East that may prove a thorn in the side of the two superpowers. That is why China applauded the role of France in the Lebanese crisis. The second plan is to cultivate cordiality with governments that are thought to be too close to Moscow, such as those of Ethiopia, Angola, and Southern Yemen. Better relations with Libya would impress such governments. That does not mean Peking agrees wholeheartedly with Tripoli. There is disagreement on several important points, notably Chinese support for the Fez Arab summit and the earlier Saudi peace plan. And China continues to regard Egypt as a friend and ally against the Soviet Union. Above all, the Chinese are anxious to convey the message that they are not automatically committed to the anti-Soviet positions of the United States.

London *Weaker Strength*

The labor-controlled Greater London Council has a dilemma on its hands: what to do about the sport of female wrestling, and specifically whether to license premises within its jurisdiction where the sport can be practiced. Two feminist factions are opposing each other in the controversy. One side says that women should have the same athletic privileges as men and be allowed to participate in any sport that males indulge in. This faction is for licensing the fights. The second group maintains that wrestling matches between women are designed solely for the enjoyment of sexist men and should be outlawed as spectacles degrading to women. A male member has suggested that female wrestling should be permitted, but only in front of an all-woman audience. The issue will be settled when the Council votes in December.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Occupation? Trying to *find* one!"

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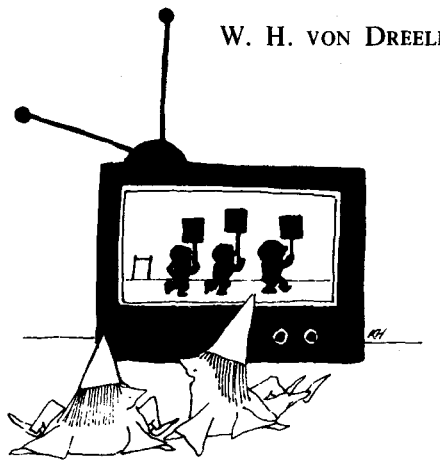
help !!!!

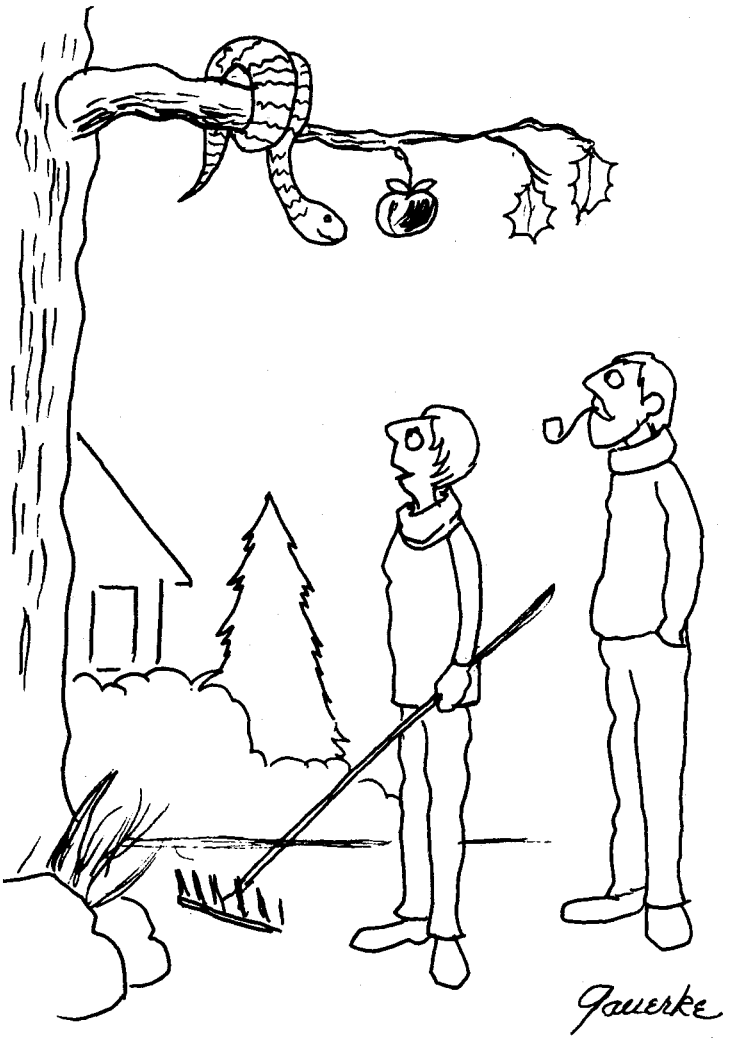
Pin Heads and Silhouettes

In novels sold by Silhouette,
Girls dally like Queen Antoinette.
Sex never rears its ugly head
Since heroines are too well-bred,
Though strumpets sometimes raise a rear,
But only to make virtue clear.
True lovers don't go "all the way";
They save it for The Wedding Day
So underneath the dryer, Mom
Can make believe she's at the prom.

W. H. VON DREELE



"It's a whole new ballgame!"



"This is completely shattering my faith in Darwinism and secular humanism, Bob."

"If you listen carefully you'll hear them arguing over the Pentagon budget!"

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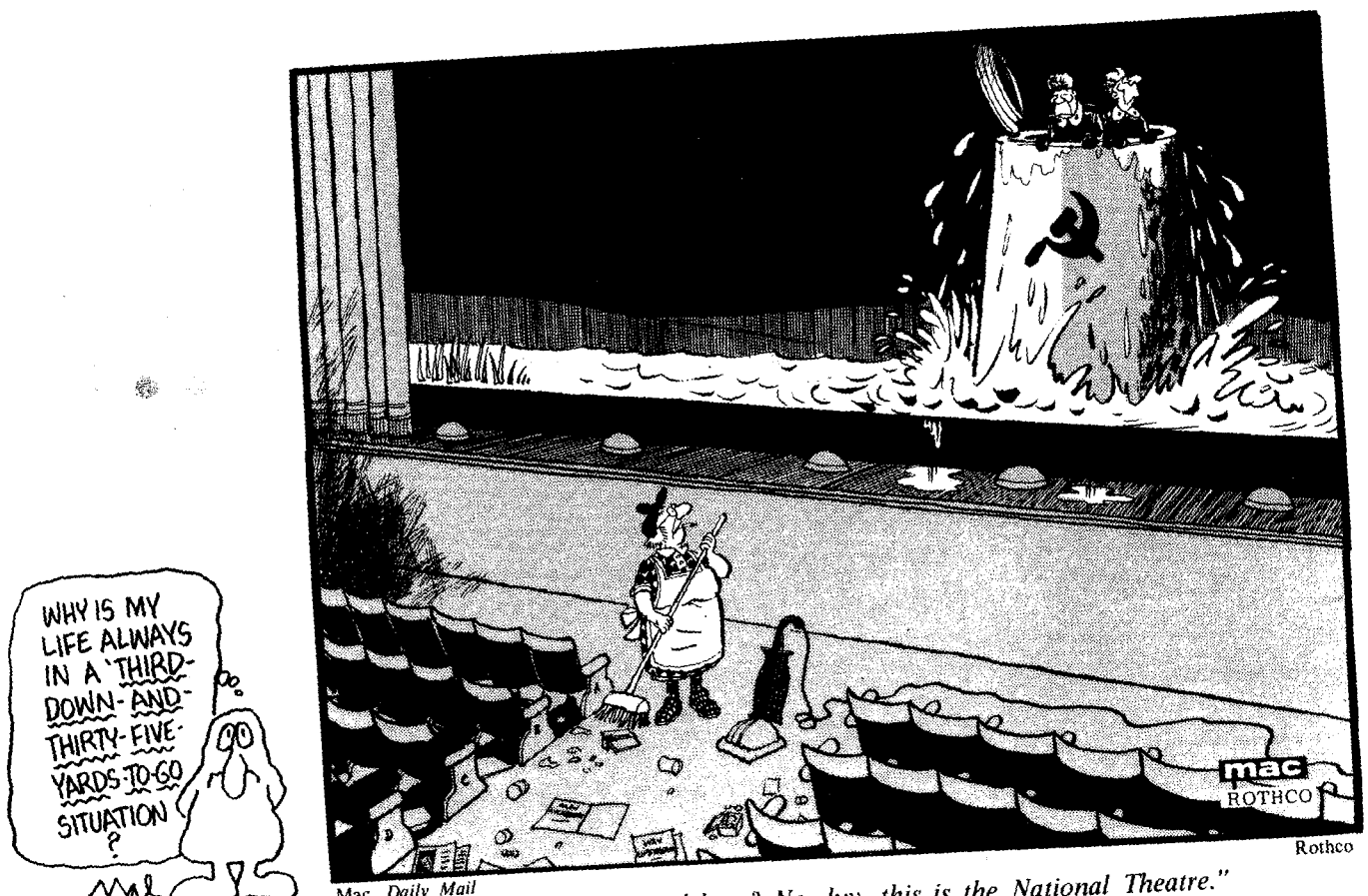

Mac, *Daily Mail*

Rothco

"Swedish naval base? No, luv, this is the National Theatre."

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THE PUBLIC INTEREST

Going Courting in Washington

MONA CHAREN

If the Washington Legal Foundation has its way, the term "Nader's Raiders" may take on a new meaning uncongenial to Ralph. But I'm getting ahead of myself. A little background is in order.

Throughout my first year of law school, I delighted in telling classmates that my plans included pursuing public-interest law. And they immediately understood. I was going to defend indigent criminals, horsewhip businesses through government regulation and product liability suits, and bring to justice the "malefactors of great wealth" (to quote Theodore Roosevelt's most demagogic statement ever). I savored the benedictory gleam in their eyes for a few moments before explaining that I had other malefactors in mind. At this point, their eyes clouded over—not with disapproval, but with bewilderment.

Their befuddlement was natural. The term "public interest" has been appropriated by liberals every bit as much as "peace" by the Communists and pacifists, or "civil rights" by black politicians. I didn't know where I was going to practice the kind of public-interest law I had in mind (were there such places?) until I discovered—and went to work for—the Washington Legal Foundation (WLF).

Five years ago, Daniel J. Popeo set about rescuing the term "public interest" from liberal captivity. Popeo's impish and buoyant personality manages to coexist peacefully with a deadly serious passion for reform. The playful side of Popeo will not disavow the title "Ralph Nader of the Right," but in the next instant mischievousness will give way to anger as he contrasts the work of his own public-interest law firm with that of left-wing groups like the Naderites and the American Civil Liberties Union ("American Criminal Lovers Union" says Popeo—whoops, there's the imp again). The salient distinction is not in means, but in ends. This is ideological warfare being fought with legal briefs, petitions for rule-making, and crisscrossing monographs.

Unlike some conservative purists, nobody at the WLF loses any sleep over using the courts to achieve political objectives. In the first place, the notion that the courts have ever been anything *but* political is anti-historical. More important, the gavel is increasingly replacing the ballot as the instrument of policy-making in America. Currently, 47 per cent of the life-tenured federal judges are Carter appointees, and despite rumblings on the Hill about curtailing the jurisdiction of federal courts (which Congress has constitutional authority to do), the Washington wisdom is that Bechtel will relocate its central offices to Tel Aviv first. Under these circumstances, if conservatives fear to tread where liberals are rushing in—indeed, where liberals are bivouacked—the most powerful branch of government will continue to reflect the influence and outlook of a small segment of the population.

Mass Appeal

It is exactly the minority status of the traditional legal "activists," the anti-nuke, anti-free-enterprise conglomerates, which allows Popeo to claim that the WLF has the more legitimate claim to the term "public-interest law." While vastly outnumbered and out-financed by the conglomerates (the NAACP Legal Defense Fund alone has a budget of $7 million), WLF's positions almost invariably echo a broad, popular consensus—the source of its strength. Girded by moral support and contributions from eighty thousand members, WLF has gone to battle against the Labor Department's arbitrary hiring quotas, SEC intrusion into confidential business affairs, practically every step the Department of Energy has taken, and hundreds of other heads on the federal hydra.

The shorthand way to characterize one of the top priorities of the WLF agenda is to say that it's a virtual mirror image of the ACLU's. Violent crime gets top billing. WLF attorneys, alone among public-interest groups, have assisted prosecutors and attorneys general in releasing the death penalty from the legal suspended animation it has been in since the 1976 Supreme Court ruling that the penalty, as codified in the majority of state statutes, is constitutional. A June 1981 poll showed that 73 per cent of Americans support capital punishment. Thirty-seven state legislatures have enacted narrowly drawn death-penalty statutes, and in the last five years 891 persons have been sentenced to death. Four have been executed . . . three of whom begged to die (perhaps to escape their ACLU lawyers?). This is clearly not a conventional political problem. The federal judges, armed with *amicus* briefs from liberal, public-interest law groups, dictate policy in this arena. The WLF, equipped with *amicus* briefs of its own, is ensuring that judges hear from more than one kind of "friend."

The Death Penalty Project is itself part of the Crime Victims Program undertaken by the WLF. Modern American jurisprudence centers attention on the malfeasor: his state of mind, his childhood traumas, his chances for rehabilitation, above all his constitutional rights (many a tree has given its life that those could be enumerated). But somehow, the response that society at large has rights worth defending is a lot less sexy. That's why WLF has personalized the victim.

Equal Time

At a typical sentencing hearing, a judge receives a pre-sentence investigation report prepared by a court officer. The report contains information about the criminal's past offenses, work experience, ties to the community, interviews with family and friends, that sort of thing. What is almost universally omitted is any contribution from or mention of the victim. Accordingly, WLF launched the Crime Victim's Impact Statement: a questionnaire completed by the victim detailing his injuries, medical and other expenses, lost work time, and residual psychological difficulties. Thus, in the jurisdictions that have adopted the CVIS, the file in the judge's hands when he

Having spent the summer working for the Washington Legal Foundation, Miss Charen is now in her second year at George Washington University Law School in Washington, D. C.

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sentences the criminal is at least symmetrical.

Examples of stunningly lenient sentences by judges are eroding what's left of the public's faith in the criminal-justice system. Some state legislatures are responding with minimum sentencing and preventive detention laws, to the chagrin of the ACLU (which incidentally has also appropriated the term "civil libertarian"). Many people, as a result, are buying guns. WLF's unique contribution is the Court Watch Project.

Despite their broad discretion and, in the federal system, life tenure, judges are not insulated behind the paneled walls of their chambers. They're meant to be independent of the vagaries of partisan politics, but not (and this is a point that's often missed) of the public they serve. Society demands that judges be accountable for their rulings by requiring them to *write them down*, setting forth their reasons. WLF's idea is to introduce a kind of sunshine policy into judicial deliberations, with the hope of spotlighting the "turn 'em loose Bruce" types. Supporters from across the country send newspaper clippings to WLF's headquarters recounting egregious instances of judicial lenity. Staff attorneys then write to the judges asking for explanations. If the news account turns out to be accurate, and the judge's response unsatisfying, the next step is a formal complaint to the Judicial Conduct Commission.

And there's more than one way to vindicate a victim. The criminal-justice system is criminal-centric—but the civil system is just the reverse. It's compensatory; the ideal being to make the aggrieved party "whole" again. There's plenty of recondite legal baggage which accompanies that shift of emphasis, and WLF is encouraging crime victims to exploit it by suing their attackers for damages.

The Hinckley case neatly illustrates the usefulness of the civil system. WLF filed suit against Hinckley in civil court in 1981 on behalf of Timothy McCarthy, the wounded Secret Service agent. A judge ruled that the civil suit would have to await the outcome of the criminal case. Today we have the same defendant, but a new jury and *new rules*. Hinckley can again plead insanity, but under civil rules he will bear the burden of proving it by a preponderance of the evidence (a nice distinction in both senses of the word). Moreover, civil law, in contrast to criminal law, does not equate insanity with innocence. An insane person is not necessarily relieved of responsibility for his torts. Hence, even if Hinckley can successfully prove insanity, he may yet have to pay up for the pain and suffering he caused.

Civil suits and restitution schemes (which WLF also promotes) cannot of course match the deterrent effect of swift and certain punishment. But the latter goal seems mired in a swamp of benighted penology, while the former is serviceable and at hand.

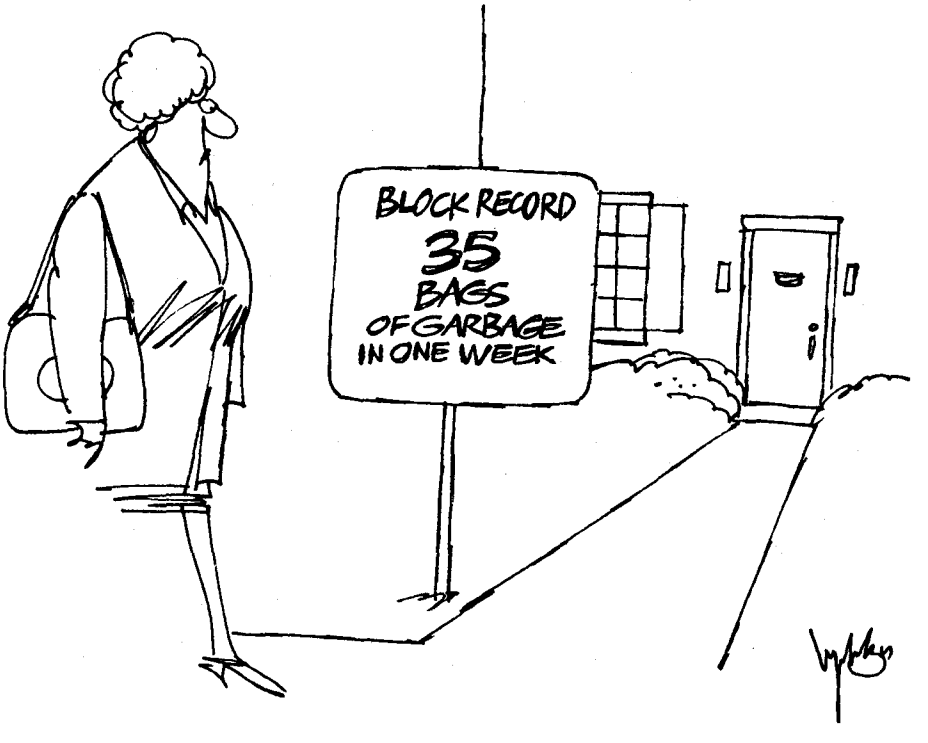
Thanks, Teach

The WLF claims no originality in manipulating the courts this way. It was Ralph Nader who was its teacher. It was his idea to make business executives criminally as well as civilly liable for their official conduct. Have we learned our lesson well?

Even he would have to concede that we have, especially since, in December of 1981, WLF went head to head with Nader and won. Nader and half a dozen labor leaders had filed suit against the FAA seeking an injunction to force the rehiring of PATCO air traffic controllers. WLF intervened on behalf of 17 congressmen and got the case dismissed.

Representing members of Congress was not new (WLF had gone to court for 150 senators and congressmen in the Panama Canal case and in the Taiwan treaty case). It did feel a bit odd though to do battle on behalf of the government. WLF got started during the Carter Administration, and since the foundation's commitment to free enterprise is more than sentimental, its opponents in court and in administrative proceedings were most commonly federal agencies. Name any three letters in the alphabet and WLF has probably taken them to court (or at least to task) for harassing businessmen and/or wasting taxpayers' money. President Reagan's ascendancy has altered that role to some extent, and the foundation now finds itself as often as not applauding agency rule-making . . . or rule unmaking.

Nevertheless, the great advantage to being a PNPTEO (that's, uh, private, nonprofit, tax-exempt organization) is that your agenda transcends any one Administration. WLF members, who do not view disproportionate product-liability settlements that raise consumer prices, or duplicative business regulations that hamstring innovation, or paralyzing FDA testing and retesting that prevents the entry of needed drugs into the market as promoting the public interest, will continue to dictate WLF's priorities. Nader and his ilk now know that WLF is dogging their every step, victims of violent crime are getting a taste of restitution, and conservatives on the Hill and elsewhere are learning, through the efforts of the Washington Legal Foundation, how to "go courting" in politics—and win. □



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Memoirs of Daydreaming

A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography
By Irving Howe
Harcourt Brace, 352 pp., $14.95

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Once, in an attempt to come up with the least alluring of all possible titles for an article, I proposed "An Open Letter to Irving Howe." It was a gibe at Howe's endless polemics rather than at his literary gifts. Over the years he has moved from Trotskyism to social democracy, refining his position from its original monstrous innocence to its present sophisticated irrelevance.

"Position" is the *mot juste*. It is neither conclusion nor program; just the place he happens to be. This book records, with fine introspection, nice turns of phrase, and overall shapelessness, "my journey out of the immigrant milieu" and halfway back again. His parents were Jews from "Eastern Europe"—no more precise location than that?—who settled in the Bronx. He was born in 1920, became a socialist in his teens, and began his snail's odyssey toward "the great [world] outside" without getting far. When he taught at Princeton he rushed back to New York every weekend; the Army stuck him in Alaska for two years, and . . . that's about it. The rest is not silence, but muffled self-definition.

He got into socialism the way some youths get into motorcycle clubs. Dialectics, debates, heresies, schisms, all so inane that what strikes you is the pitiful waste of time. He was never wealthy as a lad, but he had a lot of leisure for unproductive activities. Yet there was, for a while, the feeling that he and his peers were participating in building the New Society, or at least laying the groundwork.

The attitudes they adopted were just *there*, in the neighborhood, so to speak: "For a Jew to scab was as unthinkable as to become a Christian convert." To be anything but a socialist remains, for him, unthinkable, with the result that his has been at bottom an unexamined life. Has it ever crossed his mind that socialism might simply be *wrong*?

"Whatever the provincialism of immigrant Jewish life," he says uneasily, "it was far less provincial than most other segments of America in responding to the tragedies of Europe in the Thirties." Now there's a fine boast! (At least we weren't Kansas!)

Later he recalls the "pleasant shock" of reading Clement Greenberg's words in the late Forties: "It is possible that by 'world-historical' standards the European Jews represent a higher type of human being than any yet achieved in history." Manhattan *Übermenschen*! Proud scions of "the world of our fathers"! (Take that, Kansas!) He looks back on these pretensions with a trace of irony, I think, but not nearly enough. Mocking the "gentility" of the Anglophile literary establishment the New York intellectuals challenged and toppled, he unsmilingly questions the "propriety" of giving the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound, antisemite and, just as bad, "*their* poet."

It is some sort of measure of Howe's life that one of its crises was the Pound controversy, when he felt what he would often feel, the tension between his original Marxism and his literary Modernism. Earlier he had assumed, with most of his social-intellectual circle (all of whom seem to have mapped out the lines of unthinkability on the same pattern), that these two commitments were naturally harmonious: both were "advanced," both belonged to the newer and better world-in-the-making at the hands of "a self-confident group of intellectuals [who] did not acknowledge the authority of Christian tradition." But now—well, Marxism wasn't panning out, and Modernism was reaching nihilistic dead ends.

Instead of venturing out into the Unthinkable, Howe adopted a strategy of repudiation, dissociating himself from Left and Right, having mini-schisms with Trotsky, Rahv, Hook, Trilling, Arendt . . . (At least we're not Kansas!) He hated Stalinism. He was against McCarthyism. He opposed the Vietnam War. He couldn't relate to the New Left.

Eventually he quit hoping to help change the world and abandoned his alchemist's quest for Pure Socialism, which leaves him with only the satisfaction of knowing that whatever happens, it isn't *his* fault. Howe is "a partial Jew," pro-Israel but not all that excited about it. There remains "doubt, the signature of intellectuals." He and his fellow "children of the Thirties" have "moved from Marxist system to a quizzical and undogmatic attachment to socialist values . . . turning our old answers into new questions."

"We had never been able to enjoy the early enchantments or delusions of the socialist hope; we adhered to it mostly

Jeffrey Brodrick *is a freelance writer living in Boston.* . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** *is the author of* The Air-Line to Seattle, *to be published in March.* . . . **Alan L. Miller** *is an editorial-page writer for the* Detroit News. . . . **Selden Rodman**'*s latest book is* A Short History of Mexico, *published this fall.*

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through violent negations of its traducers." But the anti-Kansas position never really rises higher than the level of Kansas itself; and this is an awfully depressing book, not because it is a waste of time, but because one is moved to think of what its gifted author has wasted, adhering through negation.

You vaguely gather he has been married once or twice; had some fun, some deeper pleasure; has written some books that (though he is too self-effacing to say so) will bear reading many years hence. But his recollections are so abstract, and his conclusion so gloomy: "God died in the nineteenth century, utopia in the twentieth." He suggests feebly that there is another utopia, "a utopia for skeptics," a paradise within thee, happier far, so to speak.

But you know even he doesn't believe it. This world-historical despair-cum-riper-wisdom seems less the result of history's traumas than of Howe's having defined himself all along in terms of local fashion, while reading all the same books his friends were reading. There's not a name in this book you couldn't have predicted would be there. When he speaks of death, you aren't quite sure whether he expects to be buried or remaindered.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I could do with a bit of Sherlock Holmes. □

Court of Reason
By Frank K. Kelly
Free Press, 722 pp., $19.95

FFR GONE

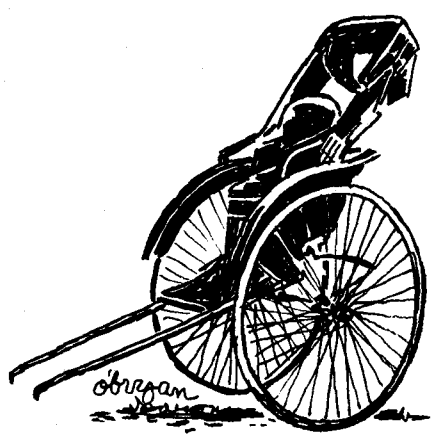
ALAN L. MILLER

Frank Kelly's ponderous tribute to Robert Maynard Hutchins and the Fund for the Republic (FFR) is an account of Hutchins's quarter-century struggle to rescue American freedom from the forces of right-wing repression by means of such agencies as the FFR, launched in 1952 as the Ford Foundation's "educational" arm, and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, founded seven years later. Kelly, himself an FFR officer for 19 years, insists that, were it not for the Herculean efforts of this liberal think tank, freedom's eternal flame might have been extinguished by the enemies of liberty (that is, by anyone to the right of Hutchins).

And who was this sage who led such a procession of liberal scholars to his beloved California Center in Santa Barbara? Hutchins was, according to the author, the embodiment of the Jeffersonian tradition—a man unafraid to stand for reason when the prevailing winds of opinion favored extremism. Kelly contends this was a man who—from the time he took control of the FFR in 1954 until his death 23 years later—was committed to confounding the nation's know-nothings.

And there were so many of them. Not only did Hutchins confront McCarthyism and the House Un-American Activities Committee, he even had to fight the Ford Foundation: Henry II took exception to Hutchins's enthusiasm for employing Communists in his crusade. Ford's concern was prompted by criticism that Hutchins's combative approach to civil liberties was harmful to national security. Yet the social planner survived the pressure for his resignation and proceeded to build an ivory-tower empire that attracted a *Who's Who* of woolly-minded one-worlders.

And why not? For as one participant exclaimed, the Ford Foundation offered "the biggest blank check in history." As an associate director of the foundation, Hutchins had already helped to spend $75 million on projects he considered to be for "the common good of humanity." As the FFR's director from 1954 to 1977, he decided how another $42 million would be spent to "defend the Bill of Rights against demagogues and hysteria." These decisions included a campaign to desegregate Southern schools, a series of books examining (and largely dismissing) the Communist menace, an analysis of American attitudes on conformity and dissent, a study of the government's violation of civil liberties through the use of wiretapping, and an exposé of blacklisting in the entertainment industry. The FFR also promoted a Constitutional Convention that was intended to "clarify" the Founding Fathers' intentions.



By the mid-1960s the center was so smugly entrenched that it sponsored an international peace conference to assist the Pope and sent two emissaries to Hanoi to help mediate the Vietnam conflict for President Johnson. The *Indianapolis Star* demanded that the center's leaders be fined and jailed for violating the Logan Act, which barred Americans from negotiating with a foreign power. Nor was the *Washington Post* amused, suggesting editorially that the center, by sending what amounted to "a communiqué from a greater to a lesser, and infinitely more stupid and worse governed, minor state," was acting as "a sovereign power." Shortly after Hutchins invited student leaders to Santa Barbara for a symposium on campus unrest. The resultant denunciations of American institutions by some of the students stunned the center's scholars and caused Congress to consider revoking the FFR's tax-exempt status.

YET Hutchins was hip. He was so moved by this youthful idealism that he later devoted a large part of the center's magazine to cautioning readers that "the young are reminding us that we are a long way from achieving peace, justice, freedom, and democracy, and they will be satisfied with nothing else." This was too much for Rexford Tugwell, a senior fellow at the center, who reminded Hutchins that "moral visions do not arrive as miracles or occur only to 'the young.' I strongly object to the attribution of all good impulses to those under twenty and all bad ones to those over forty." And Tugwell concluded, "If something comes of the present disturbances it will be built on the foundations laid a long time ago, not on recent ruins. . . . I refuse to join the breast-beating apologists among the old. We perhaps should have done better; but we did a good deal. More important we are still trying; and we do bring to the effort something more than demagoguery and destruction."

Several years later the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions expired, a casualty of overinflated egos and a surfeit of self-righteousness. What isn't so clear is why Kelly required so many pages to recount the flaccid story. □

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Bech Is Back
By John Updike
Knopf, 195 pp., $13.95

BUNNY STUFF

KENNETH S. LYNN

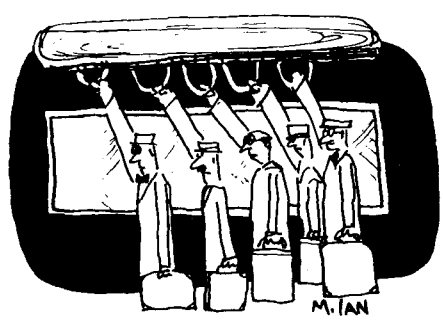
Seven years after a libidinous young man took a male bunny as the symbol of his newly established magazine, John Updike published a novel about a fellow named Rabbit whose attitude toward women was also governed by a puerile priapism. That Rabbit's emotional immaturity was a reflection of his creator's was not at first apparent. Not until the publication of a hymn to lechery called *Couples* did it become clear that Updike was the Hugh Hefner of American fiction. Small wonder, then, that three of the seven chapters in Updike's latest novel, *Bech Is Back*, originally appeared in *Playboy*.

The long-awaited novel that middle-aged author Henry Bech finally gets around to writing is bitterly characterized by his wife as a dirty book. We can only wonder what she would have thought of *Bech Is Back*. In chapter one, Bech takes as his muse and bed partner a slender-waisted, ample-hipped bisexual named Ellen whom he had first noticed while lecturing at the New School in New York. When this affair has run its carnal course he flies off to the Caribbean with his longstanding mistress, Norma Latchett, who will in due time become his sister-in-law. Bech's global lecture tour in chapters two and three conceivably could have inspired his creator to make some interesting observations about art and architecture, for Updike once studied at the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Arts in Oxford, England, or about religion and politics, which presumably also interest him, judging by the fact that he lists himself in *Who's Who in America* as a Congregationalist and a Democrat. Such observations on these subjects as *Bech Is Back* does contain, however, are as intellectually superficial as they are stylistically uninspired. In the imaginatively underdeveloped, sexually overheated world of Henry Bech, life begins and ends with the female body.

Thus Bech's only vivid memory of Nigeria is of learning to do the high-life with an instructress whose "waist was like a live, slow snake in his hands." In Ghana, excitement comes in the form of the assistant to the American cultural attaché—"a lanky black female from Charlotte, North Carolina, coiffed in the only Afro, as far as Bech could see, in all of Africa." What stirs him in Korea are the love letters schoolgirls slip to him in elevators, and when he looks up from reading his correspondence he is interested to note that the wonderfully young prostitutes outside the hotels in Seoul are demurely dressed in white and carry parasols. In Caracas, Venezuela, on the other hand, the whores boldly stand along the main streets between the diagonally parked cars "so that Bech had the gustatory impression of a drive-in restaurant blocks long, with the carhops allowed to choose their own uniforms, as long as they showed lots of leg, in several delicious flavors."

The environs of Sydney, Australia, are shown to our touring hero by two girls, Hannah and Moira. As the three of them walk along a cold and windy beach, Hannah violates dramatic plausibility but undoubtedly gives delight to masturbatory readers by suddenly exclaiming to her new acquaintance from America, "That's one reason for wearing a bra. . . . Look at my nipples. I'm cold." With a breastward gaze Bech verifies that fat Hannah is telling it like it is. "The woman wore no bra and her erectile tissue had responded to the drop in temperature." That night in Hannah's bed Bech has another opportunity to observe her impressive "smokestack nipples," but the following morning he finds himself more drawn to Moira, who has spent the night "deep in drugs or f------" with a young man named Peter whom she and Hannah have been sexually sharing. "My God, he [Bech] thought to himself, *she* [Hannah] *has become my wife. Already I'm flirting with another woman.*"

The last four chapters of the book chronicle Bech's marriage and the dissolution thereof. Beatrice Latchett has twin teenage daughters by a previous marriage, and she desperately needs her new husband's help in raising them. Bech, however, is only interested in playing his paternal role for laughs, and Updike invites us to share, not to judge, his literary alter ego's curious sense of fun. In anguish, Bea informs Bech of her discovery that her daughter Ann has lost her virginity. Instead of sympathizing with Bea, Bech offers flippancies. "The kid is 17," he tells his wife. "Let her f--- if that's what she wants." Get her fitted for a diaphragm, he continues, because "if the kid's humping she better have it or you'll really have something to cry about." Bea meekly follows his advice, only to find that the other twin, Judy, still a virgin, also wants birth-control protection. "Tell Judy," Bech says to the tearful Bea, that "she has to go out and get f----- first before you'll buy her a diaphragm."



Encountering the twins a short time later, Bech asks, "Why don't you two little angels stop giving your mother a hard time with your nasty little c----?" Only a *Playboy* philosopher would believe such dialogue, or find it amusing. □

Dead-Eye Dick
By Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte, 240 pp., $14.95

ON AND OFF

JEFFREY BRODRICK

Better preheat the oven for this one—Vonnegut has things for us to eat. Food, not ideas—recipes contributed by the various characters. Rudy, the neutered pharmacist who conducts this reminiscence, makes great chili. A double murderer while still a minor, Rudy *is* Dead-Eye Dick. Rudy's brother, Felix Waltz, has four ex-wives and is president of NBC—for a while. Otto, Rudy's father, went to art school in Vienna with Adolf Hitler. He buys one of Adolf's worst canvases on the day they're both booted out of the academy and essentially keeps Hitler alive. "That," laments Rudy, "is my principal objection to life."

Rudy hangs out in the kitchen with the black servants and learns how to cook; Mr. Waltz parades around in a panther-skin uniform when Felix brings

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM NOVEMBER: Joan Givner's *Katherine Anne Porter: A Life* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95) looks to be an excellent and important literary biography of an overrated but interesting writer.

■ LAST DECEMBER TITLES: Tony Avirgan and Martha Honey, the authors of *War in Uganda: Idi Amin and His Legacy* (Lawrence Hill, $16.95; paper $9.95), are two journalists who, having covered the politics of Tanzania for six years, accompanied Tanzanian troops into Uganda in 1979 in an invasion that ended by bringing down Amin.

Eugene V. Debs: Citizen and Socialist (Illinois, $24.95), by Nick Salvatore, is a thorough and objective biography of the founder of the Socialist Party in the U.S. who ran five times for the Presidency and believed that socialism was merely the logical extension of representative democracy. . . . Mel Piehl's *Breaking Bread: The Catholic Worker and the Origin of Catholic Radicalism in America* (Temple, $15.95) treats the Catholic Worker Movement, headquartered in a New York City slum building and readily identified with the personality of Dorothy Day, as the moral and practical model for the fusion of faith and politics.

Selected Letters of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Florida, $30), edited by Gordon E. Bigelow and Laura A. Monti, is a fascinating volume culled from more than one thousand letters in the University of Florida Archives written by a Maxwell Perkins author who rescued herself from years of unsuccessful fiction writing by moving to the swamps and backwoods of Florida.

Marcel Giry's *Fauvism: Origins and Development* (Alpine Fine Arts, $75) is an historical study of the development of eight painters—Dufy, Braque, Vlaminck, Friesz, Marquet, Derain, Van Dongen, and Matisse—who learned three-dimensionalism from Gauguin and Cézanne but refused to proceed further into abstractionism. —CW

his prom date home; Mrs. Waltz gets zapped by a radioactive mantelpiece; and Midland City is wasted by a neutron bomb, courtesy of the U.S. Government. Through it all Rudy has one solution. "I have this trick for dealing with my worst memories. I insist that they are plays." So while Rudy puts on these uproarious skits with the characters in the book, setting up dialogue, giving stage directions, Vonnegut—in his totally natural, most offhand conversational manner—is mixing in these crazy recipes like Haitian banana soup or Eggs à la Rudy Waltz (age 13). Every novelist should serve food!

The story is wacko. It offends one's sense of dignity. If you disliked Vonnegut before, you'll loathe him after this one. But then, reading Vonnegut for plot has always been like going to Italy for Chinese food. This book should be either eaten or played, like a record: "Somewhere in the seamless darkness, which may have been West Virginia, Gino and Marco were joined by four American hobos, who at knife-point took their suitcases, their coats, their hats, and their shoes."

Dead-Eye Dick is to be celebrated for its language, its sound, its smell, its color, its nonliteralness. Vonnegut is like a jazz improviser: he has no idea where he's going, but he has an uncanny sense of timing. He snores great sentences, sneezes top-flight metaphors. Sometimes he's on, sometimes he's off, but always fluid, always melodic, sending weird birds of images flapping through his sentences. Call it *white funk*: the finest swing and rumble in American prose since Kerouac. Yet while Kerouac is amphetamine-mad, Vonnegut is languid, effortless, and slick.

He also whines a lot less than he used to. In the past Vonnegut would stop at nothing to get a good fight going in the comic ring of his imagination. He seemed to have a fetish for human suffering. Even as late as 1980, in *Jailbird*, he was administering a *post facto* to Nixon and the Watergate gang. You wondered if he headed up lists each morning, "To Be Scourged" or "Representations of Our Unholy Society"; in *Dead-Eye Dick* he takes shots at the neutron bomb, the NRA, the pharmacology industry, and Hitler. But he's not ranting against fascism now; he's saying Gee, Father hooked up with the wrong guy, it could happen to anybody. Nor does he rant against technology. In fact, Rudy admits to deriving an "inordinate" amount of pleasure from driving his Mercedes. And the neutron bomb that does in the folks of Midland City (so we are told in the preface) in fact represents Vonnegut's anxiety at the loss of his childhood friends. Finally, Vonnegut has stripped *Dead-Eye Dick* of the annoying infrastructure that typified his earlier works, such as the fake planet Tralfamadore that Billy Pilgrim used to frequent in *Slaughterhouse Five* or the imaginary machine-world of Ilium in *Player Piano* (everything in *Dead-Eye Dick* transpires on planet Earth).

Indeed, the more seriously this novel is examined the richer it becomes. What on its face appears to be just another Vonnegut extravaganza conceals about nine hundred coruscating little stories, all manner of stylistic tricks, digressions on Roman history, etymology, how to sing scat, three endings, and finally a hushed ending, metric, breath-taking, best read aloud in a darkened theater. Life is a story, Vonnegut is saying, everyone sees his life as a story, and sometimes we go on living longer than the story we have imagined for ourselves and end up inhabiting an epilogue. "Some people, of course, find inhabiting an epilogue so uncongenial that they commit suicide. Ernest Hemingway comes to mind." As does Vonnegut himself, displaying in *Dead-Eye Dick* the intensely imagistic, dissociative mind of a writer facing up publicly to the epilogue of his own life: resigned, compassionate, even patriotic, saddened by the incessant manifestation of human folly, yet still buckling to the floor in service to laughter.

I gave up on Vonnegut years ago. Now I eat meals cooked by him. □

Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter
By Mario Vargas Llosa
Farrar, 374 pp., $16.50

WRITING ON AIR

SELDEN RODMAN

What happens when Elianita, the dazzling debutante, faints at her wedding reception, and her husband, Red Antunes, is enraged to discover that she is four months pregnant by another man? What happens to the speechless "sambo," discovered naked in a warehouse in Callao one night, when the guards take him to a garbage dump to shoot him? Or take the case of Jehovah's Witness Gumercindo Tello, who rapes little Sarita Huanca Salaverría, protesting at the trial that his religion makes such a charge ludicrous. What happens to the girl, filled with pride and joy over her notoriety, as she listens to her father gloat over the salacious details of the

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trial and insist that the accused marry his daughter? What happens when Lucho Abril Marroquín runs down a little girl near Pisco and, as he swerves to avoid her, is himself almost demolished physically and mentally? Is the cure—his psychoanalyst removes his "guilt" by teaching him to play with toys and yearn to kill little girls—really a solution?

When Don Sebastian Bergua is cut to pieces in his bed by a boarder whose only problem is constipation, will his assailant—who turns out to be Lucho Abril Marroquín—come back to finish him and his terror-stricken family off now that he has escaped from the insane asylum to which the kindly court consigned him? Will Joaquín Hinostroza Bellmont, the retarded only son of Lima aristocrats, overcome his alcoholism and umpire soccer matches? Or will his passion for Sarita Huanca Salaverría, the rape victim, lead to their resurrection when both are engulfed in a bloodbath at the stadium touched off by the naked African "sambo," Don Sebastian Bergua, *and* his murderous boarder?

And finally, will Crisanto Maravillas, the crippled dwarf brought up by the Discalced Carmelite nuns, become more than an inspired popular composer because of his passion for Sister Fatima, who had been knocked down on the road to Pisco years ago by Lucho Abril Marroquín? All of them, victims and criminals alike, expire when the roof falls in and a stone angel hurtles down, blocking the only exit that might have enabled some to escape. "Was it the Devil who carried them off? Was Hell the epilogue of their love? Or was it God, taking pity on their terrible suffering, who bore them up to Heaven? Had this story of blood, song, mysticism, and fire ended, or would it have an extraterrestrial sequel?"

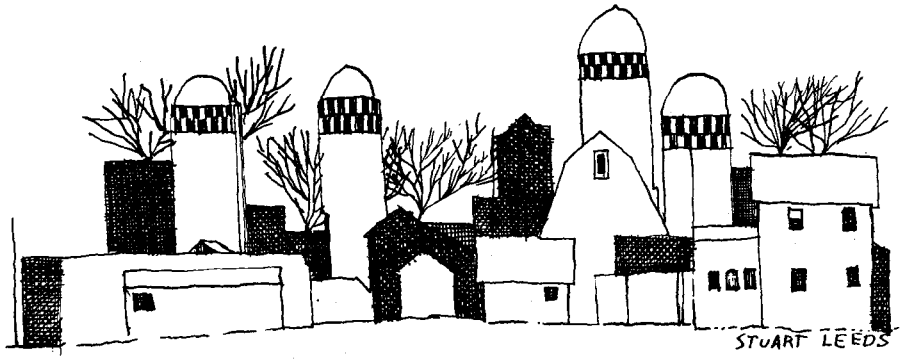
Only Mario Vargas Llosa can answer any of these questions, and the Peruvian avant-garde novelist isn't telling because "existential" ambiguity is the curtain behind which all the talented neo-Marxist Latin American novelists, from Cortázar and Asturias to García Márquez and Fuentes, hide. From the beginning Vargas Llosa was accused by the friendliest of his critics of "the bad habit of withholding vital information." In his impressive first novel, *La Ciudad y los Perros*, what the dog-eat-dog violence of a military school is intended to symbolize depends on a series of interior monologues in the mind of a character whose identity is not revealed until the end of the book. The young novelist idolized Faulkner and may have copied from him this lack of respect for the reader, but he had rejected Faulkner's subjectivity from the outset. In his next novel, *La Casa Verde*, Vargas Llosa commits even graver sins of obfuscation, telling simultaneously five stories about essentially anonymous characters and providing no clues to place or time.

In comparison with those predecessors, *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* is a model of straightforwardness. The plots of Pedro Camacho's radio soap operas (capsulized above) are simply and dramatically unfolded—at least until the scriptwriter goes completely wacky and confuses new characters with old ones. But the unfolding love affair of the young novelist with his middle-aged Bolivian aunt-by-marriage, which develops in alternating chapters until their clandestine marriage is consummated at the end, is told with high spirits, gusto, humor, and tenderness—and with no attempt to conceal what apparently happened in real life. The chapter in which the lovers drive all over central Peru trying to circumvent the author's horrified parents, and the couple's lack of funds to bribe officialdom, is a comic masterpiece.

It is only toward the end of the novel that things get unnecessarily mixed up. When he first appears Pedro Camacho is a brilliant evocation of the obsessive artist. The Bolivian scriptwriter, turning out four to ten serials a day on the ancient typewriter he has borrowed from Mario, putting on a variety of "disguises" to identify himself with his creations, acting the parts at air time, having no interest at all in food, drink, sex, or the very existence of those eager to help or praise him, is an unforgettable character. His reason for never borrowing from his old soaps "is that he didn't have the slightest interest in saving himself work. For him, to live was to write . . . I once asked him whether he had ever considered publishing them. 'My writings are preserved in a more indelible form than the printed page,' he replied immediately. 'They are engraved upon the memory of my radio listeners.'" Vargas Llosa ponders upon the discrepancy of his own labored stories at the time:

> Why should those persons who used literature as an ornament or a pretext have any more right to be considered real writers than Pedro Camacho, who lived *only* to write? Because they had read (or at least knew that they should have read) Proust, Faulkner, Joyce, while Pedro Camacho was very nearly illiterate? When I thought about such things, I felt sad and upset. It was becoming clearer and clearer to me each day that the only way to be one was to devote oneself heart and soul to literature. I didn't want in the least to be a hack writer or a part-time one, but a real one, like—who? The person I'd met who came closest to being this full-time writer, obsessed and impassioned by his vocation, was the Bolivian author of radio serials.

Perhaps this is where the novel should have ended. Or with the marriage to lovely, laughing, uncomplicated Aunt Julia that follows. But the final disintegration of the soap operas—how different these bizarre tales are from our soaps with their suave middle-class motivations of money and adultery!—into hopeless confusions foreclosing continuations, serves only to bring the author back into sync with his existentialist colleagues; and make of Peru, hitherto described with so much affection and understanding, another neo-Marxist parable of Third World hopelessness. To see Pedro Camacho lugged off to the insane asylum and then return to the radio station as a fawning lackey doing odd jobs, is sad. Maybe that's the way it was in "real life," but it brings a great comic novel, and a promising new beginning for a very talented writer, to a tame conclusion. □



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FILM

ENDANGERED GENRES

JOHN SIMON

What is comedy? And what is the requirement for comic success today? Why should some perfectly intelligent people (never mind *hoi polloi*) consider *My Favorite Year* funny? Such questions preoccupied me upon seeing Richard Benjamin's first directorial venture, and though *My Favorite Year* is quite adequately directed, I was particularly pleased that it kept Mr. B. behind the camera rather than in front of it, my most unfavorite place for him.

The time is 1954 and the hit TV laugh show is *Comedy Cavalcade*, starring Stan "King" Kaiser (for which read *Your Show of Shows* and Sid Caesar). A slipping but still highly popular movie star, Alan Swann (i.e., Errol Flynn, as filtered through Peter O'Toole) is about to be the guest on the show to pay off his debt to the IRS. A notorious womanizer and even more spectacular toper, Swann is assigned a bodyguard (or bottleguard) for his New York stay in the person of Benjy Stone (né Benjamin Steinberg), the youngest writer on the *Comedy Cavalcade* staff, and an avid Swann fan ever since he graduated from pablum to popcorn. (*My Favorite Year* was produced by Mel Brooks's company, and young Brooks was a writer on *YSofS*.)

The main plot elements are: 1) The daily pandemonium at the studio where the show is being created amid ferocious in-fighting, and where Kaiser, moreover, does a recurrent gangster skit that infuriates a major real-life mobster who wants it stopped, even if that means roughing up Kaiser on camera; 2) the hectic misadventures of Swann, almost always drunk and skirt-chasing, with his faithful chauffeur and Benjy at wit's end how to avert chaos; 3) Benjy's love for K.C., a young woman on the production staff, who patronizes and evades Benjy while swooning over Swann, though the latter gallantly restrains himself and tries to promote Benjy's cause; 4) Alan and Benjy's dinner visit in Brooklyn with Benjy's predatory Jewish mother and her uncouth relatives, where Benjy fears the worst, but Alan's *savoir faire* saves the day; 5) Swann's love for his young daughter whom he neglected, now living with her divorced mother in Connecticut; and 6) Alan Swann's cowardice when the mere movie actor realizes that the show is done live before a studio audience. Need I tell you that Benjy's tirades and Alan's vestigial conscience get the star to perform after all —indeed, to join with the muscular Kaiser in routing the mobster's minions trying to kidnap him, as the unsuspecting audience laps up near-calamity as a comedic triumph?

Why isn't the film funny? Much of the humor depends on one-liners, of which most leave me cold, and a few lukewarm. The sight gags, well enough staged, nevertheless have a shopworn look to them. More important, however, is a certain cravenness and dishonesty throughout. A small example: Swann arrives at his hotel falling-down drunk. To Benjy's amazement, the chauffeur easily removes the uncooperative

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actor's garments—specially designed tear-away clothes (was Velcro already invented?). But shirt and shorts are left on as Swann is tossed into the tub. Whether this is done to protect O'Toole from embarrassment or us from his naked scrawniness, a film that purports to strip off illusions must also dare to strip O'Toole.

A bigger example: Benjy's mother—a terrible, insinuating termagant, played by the cetaceous Lainie Kazan—gets the adored Alan into her digs and clutches, not to mention those of assorted obnoxious relatives. This is treated without any sense of reality and danger—the sense that the funny might turn serious—which is what gives comedy its true spice and sting. Instead, the garish and groan-provoking bunch prove really quite likable; Swann can not only easily charm them, but also, more remarkably, be charmed by them. If the joke is on anyone, it's on Benjy for having been ashamed of such *gemütlich* folks.

Again, though Swann is such an insatiable seducer and Benjy's Dulcinea so palpably smitten, both Benjy and K.C.'s watching Swann films together and K.C.'s meeting Swann merely bring the young pair closer, rather than have the logical, opposite effect. In other words, Swann's alcoholism never undercuts his lechery, but the latter never causes him to hurt anyone that matters.

Worse yet, the dubious comedy is undermined by sticky sentimentality. Thus we get "heartbreaking" scenes of Alan watching his daughter from his car but not daring to accost her, and of Benjy, disappointed, delivering a sadly reproachful harangue to him. Still less acceptable is a long scene in Central Park, where Alan and Benjy stroll, exchange confidences, and steal a peeing policeman's horse to gallop away in an efflorescence of male bonding that far surpasses in brio any scene of heterosexual contact: it plunges the movie into a cutesy urban pastoral. Not witty enough for straight comedy, not truthful enough for social commentary, not satirical enough to make cauterizing fun of its principals (thus K.C.'s only comic flaw is that she cannot tell jokes), the film must make do with half-hearted absurdity and slightly bizarre benevolence (the despotic Kaiser always makes it up to his victims with generous presents).

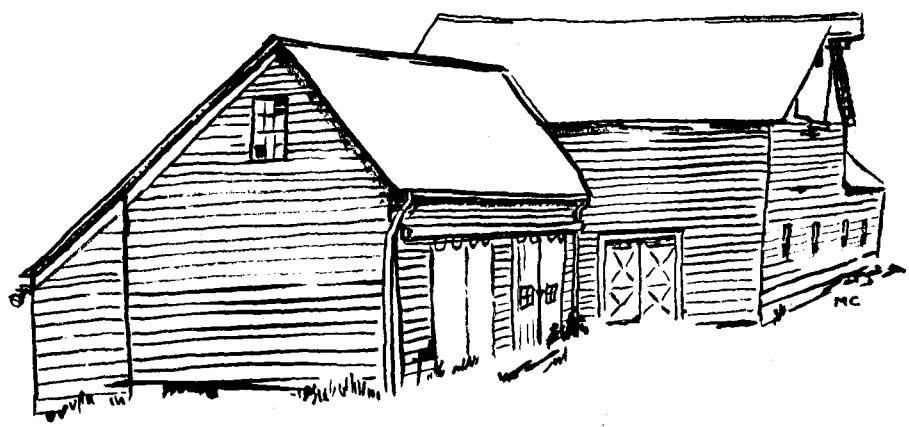
Peter O'Toole is winsome as Swann, but this Swann's way bypasses the truth in performance as well as writing, and does not extend the actor's histrionic range. Mark Linn-Baker, the young stage actor who makes his screen debut as Benjy, is amiable but undistinguished, and almost too puppyish for the part. Jessica Harper, too, looks babyish as K.C., but like an overgrown, slightly spooky baby. Bill Macy is fine as the envious and invidious head gag writer; Joseph Bologna is surprisingly effective as Kaiser—perhaps from the exhilaration of being released from his usual co-star and wife, Renée Taylor; Lainie Kazan is fearsome through looks rather than performance; the others hardly matter. Dennis Palumbo and Norman Steinberg, the scenarists, reveal their desperation by dragging in a Filipino ex-boxer second husband for Miss Kazan—an unlikely conceit out of which it is harder to squeeze laughs than out of stones or Steinbergs.

If *My Favorite Year* can instruct us about what ails comedy, *Split Image*, though a worse film, is even more instructive about what afflicts much of our movie drama. The writers here are Scott Spencer (the young author of *Endless Love*), Robert Kaufman (a well-known hack scenarist and director), and Robert Mark Kamen (whom I either never knew or have already forgotten). They have contrived a tale of how a bright college gymnast, partly through his distaste for his parents' materialism, partly through the platonic love of a starry-eyed girl who recruits him, and partly through the magnetism of an unctuous but charismatic leader, joins the latter's Moonie-like cult. And also of the sweat, tears, and agony involved in reclaiming him.

We have recently had another film (*Ticket to Heaven*) and a play (*Solomon's Child*) on this topic, which certainly warrants attention. But neither this script, nor its director, Ted Kotcheff, can follow through on anything, and both fudge whatever they touch. Thus the cult leader is both terrible and, in some ways, right; the parents are both terrible and, in some ways, right; the deprogrammer (by far the best performance here, from the always excellent James Woods) is in most ways terrible, but ultimately right; the kids, Danny (passably played by Michael O'Keefe) and Rebecca (simplistically enacted by Karen Allen), are both right and wrong, and because they truly love each other, saved in the end from both parental materialism and pseudo-religious fanaticism. To which I say: in a pig's eye!

And, speaking of a pig's eye, during the deprogramming sequences—where, with typical dishonesty, the job is first presented as almost impossibly difficult, then, suddenly, as swift and easy—Kotcheff uses a fish-eye lens and other distorting devices, and even turns the deprogrammer, as seen by Danny, into a scaly monster. Let's have it both ways: a serious social documentary *and* the creature from the black lagoon! And hardly anything makes sense. Thus the police take entirely the side of the cult leader (Peter Fonda, and not very good), yet when the family has Danny kidnapped, the cultists try the most desperate stratagems but do not call the police.

Drama as social commentary must address issues honestly. Here, for example, the cult leader forbids all sex among his followers, whereas we know that such men either co-opt it into intramural marriages (e.g., Moon) or exploit it to suit their own morbid fantasies (e.g., Jim Jones). But behind *Split Image* is the new kind of hackery. The old hacks made everything black or white. The new hacks have heard something about various shades of grey, and



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haul out their tape measures. Every "good" character, after so many inches of white, is arbitrarily given one black inch, then back to white. With every "bad" character, the procedure is the reverse. Instead of genuine hacks, the new breed are genuine phonies. □

DELECTATIONS

AT HOME WITH MRS. REAGAN

NIKA HAZELTON

A short time ago, Mrs. Reagan granted me an interview for "Delectations." The date coincided with my thirtieth wedding anniversary, so it was a memorable day all around.

A car sent by Sheila Tate, Mrs. Reagan's press secretary and an attractive and *simpática* young woman, took me at midmorning from my hotel to the White House. At the gate, the driver gave my name to the guard, who gave me a badge, and in we went through the lovely manicured gardens that surround the official residence. I was shown to a room on the ground floor where FDR kept his maps and which looks like the well-cared-for drawing room of an established Boston or Philadelphia family. There was a large painting of a river scene on a wall (Hudson River school?) and three bouquets of white flowers on occasional tables that lit up the room. Mrs. Tate and her assistant, Barbara Cook, make me comfortable in an armchair heightened by a cushion from the red damask sofa on which Mrs. Reagan would sit, as my arthritic back makes it hard for me to sit in or get up from a low chair. I had told Mrs. Tate earlier that I would not have any set questions, nor use a tape recorder or notebook. (In case you're wondering how I remembered the interview, I wrote it all down immediately after I got back to my hotel.)

Mrs. Reagan came in, a taller woman than I had expected; she looks so petite standing next to the tall President. She was dressed in red and was as attractive as she looks in her photographs. She sat down and we conversed on a random number of subjects, just as you do on a social call, while her press secretary took a few notes and left the room several times on other business. Mrs. Reagan has a pleasant, well-modulated voice, rather soft, with neither a California drawl nor an Eastern lockjaw debutante whisper. She holds herself very straight as she talks, perching on the sofa and looking directly at you. She has finely drawn features and looks like a tower of strength, though also, somehow, quite vulnerable. All in all, I thought, a very well-bred, polite, and reserved *lady*.

I told Mrs. Reagan that I write about food and drink and asked if she, like so many of us, first thing in the morning, reaches for a cup of tea or coffee. Mrs. Reagan said that she didn't—since she is a poor sleeper, she avoids caffeine. She and the President eat breakfast together (fruit, cereal, maybe an egg), and have dinner together whenever possible; and of course, they eat together on weekends. The Reagans do not have a private cook. Mrs. Reagan, who looks as if a well-run household is important to her, rehearses official dinners with her staff before the guests arrive. The Reagans themselves like simple, well-prepared food nicely presented. (The President is partial to macaroni and cheese.) I told Mrs. Reagan that I disliked men who cooked for fun (not professionals), and for a woman a leg of lamb home-cooked by a man was not the same as being taken to a fine restaurant and the theater. My husband, I said, cooked only once; during our courtship, he opened a can of chili. Mrs. Reagan laughed and said the President never cooked, but spent his free time outdoors.

I COMPLIMENTED Mrs. Reagan on her figure, and asked how she kept it. She answered that she has not always been slender and that she has worried her weight off; some people eat when worried but she does not. We agreed that diet talk was a bore. I thanked Mrs. Reagan for putting class back into the White House, and said how grateful we are to her for doing so, especially when we go abroad.

We talked about dinner-table conversation. I told her about the current "Delectations" contest for conversation openers with inhibited partners and quoted some of the sample entries to her. (Mrs. Tate's favorite was: Do you like string?) I mentioned that I dislike discussing controversial subjects at the dinner table because it can lead to

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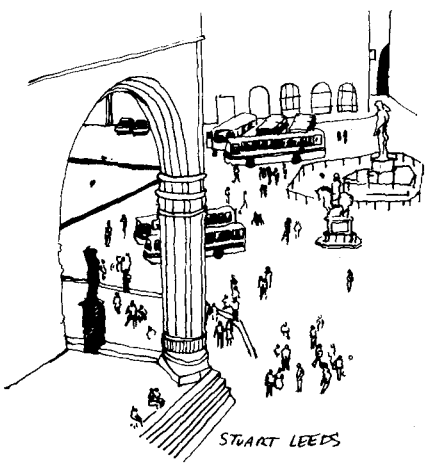
heated arguments, but Mrs. Reagan observed that such discussions could be spirited without turning into quarrels.

Mrs. Reagan likes to read and does so at night, when she has time. She does not like mysteries, and at the moment is enjoying a recent biography of Lord Louis Mountbatten. Bill Buckley's *Atlantic High*, which had just arrived, is next on the list. Our conversation then turned to the lack of privacy in the First Lady's life, which, I thought, would be very difficult to take. Mrs. Reagan agreed with me that everybody is entitled to a certain amount of privacy. I sensed, and it may be entirely my own impression, that Mrs. Reagan must have been hurt by the often unjust criticism of her in the press.

The most interesting part of the interview was about Mrs. Reagan's drug-control work. Speaking with a great depth of feeling, she said that all the young people she had talked to about their drug problems were sorry to have caused their parents such sorrow and wished they could undo the harm. Parental neglect had a good deal to do with youths turning to drugs, she ventured. When parents are so preoccupied with themselves, they don't take notice that their children are stoned. Parents, smoking pot themselves, do not realize that their children feel they have been given the green light to do so. We then discussed the difference between alcohol and drugs. The biggest one, Mrs. Reagan thought, is that the body will naturally expel excessive alcohol, whereas marijuana accumulates and builds up in the body. We all know about Mrs. Reagan's work in anti-drug programs, but I did not expect the First Lady, who has many duties, to be so well-informed about a complex subject. I was enormously impressed with her knowledge, sincerity, and eagerness to help.



I asked Mrs. Reagan how she wished to be remembered as First Lady. She pondered the question, having no ready answer. "You do your best and give what you can" sums up her thoughts on the subject. As I was driven back to my hotel, I empathized with the difficulty and vulnerability of being a First Lady. □

The GIMLET EYE

SENSORY DEPRIVATION

D. KEITH MANO

It is as dark as black-lung breath in here: I can't remember now if my eyes are open or shut. One finger wave, one facial tic even, would be enough to propel me like torn scud across this big sensory deprivation tank. I float in a solution of water and Epsom salt so thick and buoying that it hammocks me. I hang: my suspense is terrific. I can't give you the right time of day: minutes elongate and break apart. I'm an open letter, a catch basin, a jumping-off place. The human brain cooks best at 93.5 degrees Fahrenheit. In here both water and air have been regulated to that precise thought heat. After a short while I can no longer determine whether my wrist, my stomach, my knee are above or below the surface. Everything is continuous and overlapping. I'm at the limit of resolution. My flesh has emulsified. We were all some kind of water once, I guess.

Then, listen, my body is a bumptious rain forest. Blood crackles tracking its own spoor. I hear the jungle-telegraphed pulse beat. My roaring inhale might spook wildebeest. My stomach has bellowed as a cow would taken from behind. The death even of cells, I presume, will cause sound. I am a Madagascar, half-submerged: alive and rambunctious and . . . nothing. I don't hear anymore. The left side of my brain—perceiver, superintendent, rational orderer—has simply gotten bored. Without stimuli it is inattentive and wayward: like the three-year-old child it best resembles. My right brain—imaginer, game player, meditator—has slid over to drive. I am not in a trance. Nor am I asleep. I have merely, for the first time ever, forgotten to be conscious. And it is a grand, weird experience.

At $25 per hour. The isolation tank phenomenon has bobbed up all over America. "Out in Los Angeles, from what I hear, in a radius of one block there are four different centers. And here they're becoming more and more popular." Joyce Pavlick and Peggy Beisler are, um, immersed in their work. "Most people come for an hour. Then the second time they want two hours. We have one gentleman, he'll come at midnight and float until 8 A.M." Pavlick and Beisler run Rejoice in otherwise deprived Yonkers, N.Y. Their Fiberglas Oasis tank is of a sarcophagus shape, white. I felt like Jonah, nude, whale-eaten, climbing into it. "That's probably the greatest place for sleep. There's no pressure to cut off blood flow, so you don't have to turn over." A short-term improvement in IQ, in hearing, and in seeing, even in taste receptivity, has been documented. Pro football teams use deprivation to run interference for the overwrought athlete. And you can price your own tank at about $3,500. Think I'll wait until the Japanese start dumping them.

THERE IS NO friction here. Most of our sensuality, painful or joyous, comes from rubbing. Edge and edge have to interact. But at Rejoice I'm like a Boston fern hung in the universe. Gravity has no book value: I might be on my side, my face, my pate. And I cannot think straight. Serial thought, memory, tales told by the mind, require, I suspect, some specific body posture—as we affect stance or gesture in conversation. I know that when I try to fantasize before sleep, whether about sport or friendship or anger, one particular physical attitude will coincide. Even if it is no more than the emblematic fist or ingratiated smile, there has to be a relationship between thought and body language. We put English on our ideas. Yet here I am so absolutely supine that I can't assume a useful aspect. Associations, ironic comments, daydreams jump-cut, pause, and then tail off: thinking is, in part, somatic. And, though inarticulate, irrational, I still enthuse. I don't want this hour to end. Only at Mass, for a moment or so, have I achieved such splendid ease.

Out of sight is out of mind. Motionless, I hit escape velocity. I breathe contrails out and wear the Van Allen belt. I can't touch a fingertip. Nose, ears

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have been sloughed off: the now smooth face might lie on my chest. Voice has passed me coming and going with an odd Doppler effect. I hover in blank parentheses. I have a frictionless bearing. Like one sheet of paper I avalanche down. I am a nonce word, made up, neither here nor there. In this state you might find God. No, not find, that's too active. Come across Him then.

Sensory deprivation is, I suppose, a fad *du jour*. But in it—in the difference between hot tub and tank, for example—you can generalize the Eighties man. Ten or fifteen years ago what distinguished the successful among us was gross quantity of sensual input. They who could afford to feel more, more often, were in great scoring positions. Hot tubs are, on evidence, communal: certainly built for more than one. Heat there is conterminous, and sensation passes from skin to skin. This was so with sound or light in the disco ambience. Drugs, moreover, could both further exaggerate and falsify eye-ear-nose-throat and fingertip feed-back. It is as if feeling had proved to be not authentic enough. We didn't trust a mind alone. The report, you might say, needed notarization by more than one. Trip, tripping out, suggests not just companionship, but also group supervision.

Significantly, marijuana, if my private canvass can be believed, is incompatible with tanking. Given no sensual data to improvise on and rearrange, it has an unpleasant greenhouse effect: paranoia arises. You could ridicule sense deprivation or call it quick, cheap asceticism. Probably no desert father would approve. Nonetheless, it has been a long time, since Wordsworth and Coleridge maybe, that the general sort of men have delighted so in loneliness, silence, less sensation. Tanking can startle and refurbish minds. I think we should prefer that anyway to quick, cheap hedonism. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LIEBLING AT HOME, *by A. J. Liebling (Wideview Books, 532 pp., $12.45, paperback).* Last year, in reviewing the Wideview Books omnibus volume *Liebling Abroad* for *NR*, I broached the following suggestion: "Wideview Books owes the republic of letters at least one more good omnibus —*Liebling at Home*, I suppose." Well, never underestimate the inherent clout of Ronald Reagan's favorite magazine, for Wideview has now come across with a new A. J. Liebling collection, right down to the official *NR*-sanctioned title, containing four of Liebling's most memorable studies in urban picaresque: *The Telephone Booth Indian*, *Chicago: The Second City*, *The Honest Rainmaker: The Life and Times of Colonel John R. Stingo*, and *The Earl of Louisiana*. Devotees of Liebling's ornately tooled Broadway prose (how did *The New Yorker* ever bring itself to print this stuff?) will find *Liebling at Home* a veritable bonanza, all four of these books having gone out of print decades ago. Some complaints: Herbert Mitgang's feeble-minded preface ("One wonders what Liebling would be saying today about the modern Peglers in White House favor writing for *The National Review* [*sic*], *Commentary*, and other neoconservative spear carriers") can and should be skipped, if not excised from the book with a sharp knife. And there is some deceptive advertising on the cover, which refers to "five complete classics in one volume" and lists *The Jollity Building* as

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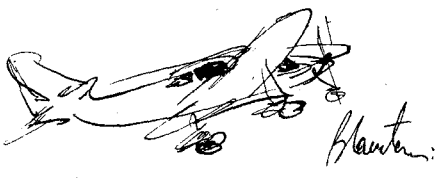
Classic Number Five. *The Jollity Building* was a 1962 paperback that contained two short essays taken from *Back Where I Came From*; a lengthy chapter from *The Telephone Booth Indian*; and the original *New Yorker* profile of Colonel Stingo! Now, *Liebling at Home* has 140 pages less and costs 50 cents more than *Liebling Abroad*; the entire text of *Back Where I Came From* would have fit nicely into those 140 missing pages, with room to spare for the autobiographical memoir Liebling included in *The Wayward Pressman*. Never mind, though. Four classics or five, *Liebling at Home* still adds up to a must-buy volume. TERRY TEACHOUT

STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT AMERICAN EDUCATION, *by Theodore M. Black (Harcourt Brace, 307 pp., $14.95).* The dust-jacket boasts that this is a book which offers some blunt truths about the failings of American education. And Black's broadside does not disappoint. The former chancellor of New York State's Board of Regents minces few words in scoring the public-school system as long on promises and short on results. Chief among his targets are those "modernist-liberal" educators who have turned schools into playpens where academic achievement has been subordinated to socialization. The author is appalled at the absence of scholastic standards and asserts that academics who rationalize the public schools' many problems are the educational equivalent of those automakers who designed the Edsel. What is to be done? Black believes the public schools should stop making excuses and learn some lessons from their counterparts in the private sector. The book's best chapter stresses that private schools succeed because they specialize in educating children. Were public schools similarly committed to providing a quality program in a safe and orderly environment, he argues, there would be no crisis in American education. But then this would require such changes as a return to basics, minimum competency tests for staff and students, stringent discipline and dress codes, and an end to liberal chimeras like forced busing and bilingual instruction. One more thing: Black favors tuition tax credits to ensure healthy competition between public and private schools. No wonder he was nicknamed "The Lone Regent." ALAN L. MILLER

ETHICS (AND OTHER LIABILITIES), *by Harry Stein (St. Martin's, 168 pp., $10.95).* Harry Stein's "Ethics" columns were not must reading in *Esquire*, but collected between hard covers they are compelling. This, despite the fact that Stein was apparently a "red-diaper baby," son of a socialist and ex-Communist, and a typical radical child of the Sixties. When evil is called for, he invariably invokes Joe McCarthy and the blacklist, the Nixon White House, and "Reagan Zealots." He brings in a certain amount of American self-loathing. He talks about the greatness of "a man like Ramsey Clark," and the Berrigans' "fighting the good fight." And yet, this seemingly unreconstructed leftist admits that ambition and aggressiveness have been given a bad time, and even notes, "A society grounded in individual achievement and self-gratification has its plusses —some people are indeed driven to extraordinary achievement [though] it does not make for general good feeling." Still, Stein more often than not sees through leftist cant and self-righteousness. He considers adultery, envy, greed, responsibility, and lying, not to mention pluck and vengeance: subjects not often discussed today, and seldom discussed so matter-of-factly. Here is a man grappling with moral decisions, with right and wrong, with what were once called the eternal verities before the Left decided everything was negotiable and everything was relative—which is no doubt why the author evinces such anguish. *Ethics* is a worthwhile, if occasionally infuriating, book, and the author has enough humor to keep his essays from becoming Puritan harangues. JOE MYSAK

DONOVAN: AMERICA'S MASTER SPY, *by Robert Dunlop (Rand McNally, 562 pp., $19.95).* We never met him when we were in the OSS, which he created. We never met him when we were in the CIA, which he envisioned and helped formulate. After immersing ourselves in this massive tome, by one of his comrades in arms, we now appreciate the full magnitude of our misfortune. "Wild Bill" emerged from the wrong side of the tracks in Buffalo, N.Y. to become a world citizen, lunching at Chequers with Winston Churchill. He was the most decorated American soldier of World War I. He was the first American in history to hold the country's four top decorations. He knew *everybody*, from Greta Garbo to Adolf Hitler. His career, besides embracing a wondrous compilation of "war stories," is also the American Dream come true, in brightest Technicolor. Although this volume is rather woodenly written and is to some degree uncritical, it offers all the requisite background apparatus, plus 42 photographs, and easily supersedes the only previous book-length biography, Corey Ford's *Donovan of the OSS* (1970). Verily, here was one before whom to stand in awe. CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS



THE UNKNOWABLE LIGHT OF THE ALIEN, *by Stanley Nelson (Smith Publishers, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038; 182 pp., $5).* The extraordinary image of Brooklyn that Stanley Nelson delivers in this selection of his stories is a microcosm of the various cultures—Southern or West Indian Black, Hassidic, Armenian—which flicker and glow in their respective niches throughout the labyrinth that Brooklyn continues to present. Unlike the various troubadours of Brooklyn who wrote as long-time occupants—notably Betty Smith in her arboreal Williamsburg—Stanley Nelson proclaims and celebrates, not from this or that ethnic cranny, but from the thick of Brooklyn's ancient warren, its aromatic honeycomb of neighborhoods and personalities. Yet, the path along which his voice guides us is not one of domestic frustrations, nor of sociological glumness. His is the voice of an imagination keyed to the peculiarly eccentric show of history-alive that Brooklyn—in a raffish, fugitive, all but unique way, I should guess, among Eastern cities—can offer. His voice is generally eager, lightly sardonic, often musing or somewhat harassed, but never soured or incurious, unfailingly at the service of his discoveries. These six novellas—"Seeing," "Cousin Everett," "It Was," "Again," "Early On," and "The Safed Conspiracy"—are like the stanzas of a long picaresque narrative poem, engaging helter-skelter quests and pursuits both exhilarating and nightmarish, the reconvening of past images or figures, and a pilgrimage. In story after story we confront an ongoing spectacle of unlikely aspects and sudden, dreamlike tonal variations—the very sort one can still encounter, at times, by turning a corner from one Brooklyn block into another. The exotic flares again and again, even in what initially seems the murmuring, familiar-toned boyhood reminiscence of "Early On," from which suddenly issues a black priest doing Fats Waller riffs on his church organ. The essential professionalism of Nelson's voice —his sense of his own grace and amassed experience—is what rescues these stories from the jaunty frippery of the syndicated columnist: the search-for-identity fable takes on a sense of cultural range, of intellectual and spiritual *possibility*. And in the last story, "The Safed Conspiracy," Nelson makes an excursion into the legend-rich and dynamic culture of Sixties Israel. The verse-fugues of the preceding stories yield to the more methodical tempo of prose-narrative paragraphs, while the hero himself sheds some of the ambiguities of his previous role as major-domo of an illusion-breeding Brooklyn. Here, as he seeks out his transplanted, married daughter and her Israeli friends, the stylistic authority assumes a more sturdy dimension, a new perspective of this poet's poetic history. DONALD PHELPS

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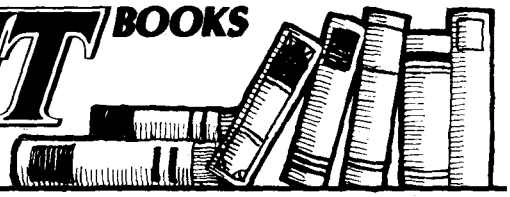
THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

EUROPEAN SOCIAL democrats and American and Canadian liberals regard foreign aid to developing countries as conscience money—shamefully inadequate recompense for centuries of exploitation and despoliation. "But if conscience money is what foreign aid is all about," writes Melvyn B. Krause, author of *Development without Aid: Growth, Poverty, and Government* (New Press/McGraw-Hill Inc., $17.95), "social democrats do not have to make scapegoats of their ancestors. They have done plenty on their own to feel guilty about."

The less-developed countries of the Third World, Krause argues, are victims not of their rapacious capitalist neighbors to the north but of the anti-capitalist ideologues (themselves as much a product of northern culture and industrialism as string quartets and Ford cars) who hold their rulers in thrall and whose malign effects on the senile economies of the north are finally being felt by the infant economies of the south. "The major theme of the book," he urges,

> is a simple one: namely, that the biggest obstacle to the development of the Third World is big government, both in the Third World itself and elsewhere. Big government in the northern industrialized countries has damaged the LDCs [less developed countries] by restricting international exchange. Big government in the South has constrained economic growth there by taxing the dynamic competitive sectors of the LDC countries.

Mr. Krause's work reflects the influence and scholarship of Harry G. Johnson and P. T. Bauer. Johnson had argued that developing countries were faced with a choice between two "models": "competitive" or "government controls," a line of thought that Krause has followed with modifications, developing in turn what he calls the Pacific Basin Model to describe the phenomenal experience of that other "Gang of Four": Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, and South Korea. "But how many Hong Kongs can the world have?" a skeptical social democrat once asked him. "As many as the world will allow itself," Krause replied.

Krause's first point—that a developing country must create a thriving private sector before it attempts to impose an ambitious public one—has been argued before, yet it is repeated effectively, and with embellishments, here. Drawing upon supply-side theory, he demonstrates the economic and social folly of using a high tax rate and redistributionist policies to enhance prosperity and increase economic growth: low taxes provide the economic incentive for production that alone can increase the size of the economic pie and raise the standard of living.

His second point is that every society must learn to live with the law of "comparative advantage," according to which "economic prosperity lies in the correct matching of land-intensive, labor-intensive, and capital-intensive production technologies with the economy's endowment of the factors of production: land, labor, and capital." Unfortunately, social-democratic biases, plus foreign aid, plus outdated developmental models (especially that of the Soviet Union) conspire to encourage modernizing countries to sacrifice private enterprise and private investment in favor of "social overhead and human capital," and to flout the law of comparative advantage by committing themselves to economic and technological projects that match neither their human nor their natural resources.

"THE THIRD WORLD," Krause suggests, "faces enough problems in achieving the imperatives of economic growth without being distracted by naïve concepts of social justice." Meanwhile, the First World liberals can help by examining the tendencies of their own welfare states, and especially the burgeoning Worker's Rights movement); which, by underwriting (i.e., diverting funds to) unprofitable enterprises, protecting the outmoded jobs of ineffective workers, and mandating protectionism, preclude the investment of useful funds abroad and Third World competitors from finding a market for their products overseas. □

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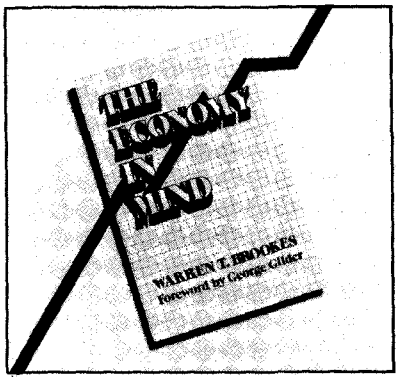

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GOLD

(Continued from page 1549)

shoot him. Fascinating metaphor. What you're saying then is that when we look at a person in your position, we should think, "There but for the grace of God—"

THE CLIENT: You got it.

"Not bad," Arnie conceded, after we had a chance to review the tape back at the office. "No celebrity ever lost a fee banging the System. But why do I still have this feeling we're missing a trick?" He ran a hand through his blown-dry hair, then gnawed a fingernail. "Character." He repeated the word. "What we're looking for is a beleaguered cause, the more beleaguered the better."

I mulled the proposition. "A beleaguered cause," I echoed. "Say, prison reform?"

Arnie shook it off.

"ERA?"

He chilled me with a gelid glance. But then, in the twinkling of a strobe, he snapped his fingers and grinned. So that was his game. Just testing my wits. He had the answer all along: a class act better than Universal Guilt, more appealing than Zen, more subtle even than Weltschmerz . . .

Excerpt, Phil Donahue's exclusive interview, final week of tour preceding casting for Major New Motion Picture:

DONAHUE: Bear with me, I'm trying to establish a point immensely important for this audience to understand.

THE CLIENT: No problem, Phil. Let me just say up front that I'm 100 per cent guilty and have no alibis or excuses for my conduct. I wasn't an alcoholic, I had all the advantages an upper-middle-class lifestyle can offer in this society.

DONAHUE: Well, now, it takes courage, real courage, to say that (*audience applause*), and our hope is that we can relate to the psychological stress you've endured in the past year.

THE CLIENT: Yes, Phil, it's been quite a learning experience, both for me and my family. As you know, I'd developed two distinct personas, one introspective and authority-oriented, the other self-assertive and violence-prone. That all came out with therapy, but it certainly couldn't have been perceived by the socially insensitive salesman who sold me that .22 caliber special, no questions asked. Phil, the enormity of that man's irresponsibility is beyond belief (*audience applause*).

DONAHUE: True, but how do you respond to people who say you shouldn't have been allowed to buy—

THE CLIENT: Very simply. They're absolutely right. But America, after all, is a nation of violence, a society that breeds flawed humans like my second persona, which is all the more reason we need laws to control the sale of .22 specials. Strict laws, even if the fatcat lobbyists don't like them. Because if laws like that had been on the books (*interrupted by sustained applause*) . . .

But of course, it was there all the time. Not just the fact that confession is good for the image, but more. Still, who but a resident genius in the art of modern Celebrity could have conceived it? John Hinckley versus the National Rifle Association. Now there's Character for you. □

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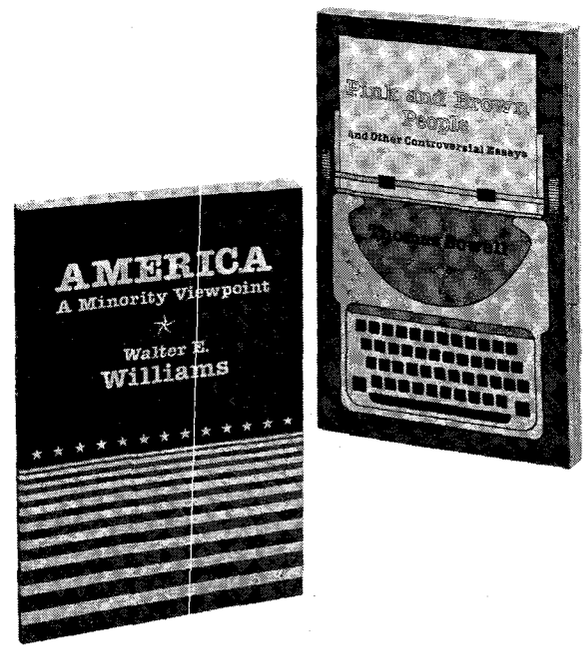

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The King Is Dead

On The Right

New York, Nov. 18—What do we know about the apparent successor to Brezhnev? Not much, really, beyond the rumors, which include that he likes American cultural amenities. The better to eat us? No no, the optimist will say: that is a *good* sign. Anyone who likes American jazz and American sports cars cannot crank up the necessary grimness to proceed with the war against international imperialism.

Then there are the other constructions, and they focus on the public record, which reminds us that it was Andropov who was there on the scene, more or less directing traffic when, in 1956, Soviet tanks thrust rebellious Hungary back into Bolshevik conformity. And then Andropov served as head of the KGB, responsible for the security of the Soviet state, and the corresponding insecurity of the Soviet citizen. That is, of any Soviet citizen who presumed to speak his mind in dissent over Soviet policy. It was Andropov who introduced on a large scale the insight that anyone who disagreed with Soviet policy was mentally ill. Obligingly, he set up psychiatric centers. And there the dissidents receive huge doses of rehabilitative drugs, which are truly miraculous, inasmuch as many who have received the treatment emerge from the sanitariums absolutely changed persons, accepting with uttermost docility circumstances against which they had previously rebelled.

So what do we know about the Soviet Union under Andropov?

Roughly, nothing.

A FEW YEARS ago, in Leningrad, I visited with the American consul, a Soviet specialist who had been three years in Leningrad. Leningrad's uncontested ruler, ironically, is named Romanov. For several years one used to hear whispers about the ascendancy of Romanov, who at a young age was elevated to membership in the Politburo. What's Romanov like? Well, the consul said, he had seen Romanov a dozen times, even chatted with him at one of those functions diplomats jointly attend, the birthday parties of major powers. "To illustrate how hard it is to find out anything at all about the habits or private life of Romanov," said the consul, "I don't even know whether he is married."

The notion that access to the Soviet Union has given us access to what goes on in the Kremlin is one of those superstitions that liberals find difficult to fight free of. Thus the inside word, after the overthrow of Khrushchev in 1964, was that the troika that succeeded him would in due course promote Podgorny to pre-eminence. Brezhnev must have smiled when he learned that. And of course early in October 1964, the official word went up within the National Security Council that never since he assumed power had Khrushchev been more secure. Two weeks later he was out.

Here are the givens in the situation:

1. The military is devoted to its hardware, is engaged in producing weapons and spaceships on an intimidating scale. The military would not have acquiesced in the elevation of a man whose intention was to preside over the liquidation of the Soviet offensive potential. It is true that as much could be said of the French military, which backed the return to power of de Gaulle in 1958 and was in due course emasculated by de Gaulle. All we need in order to put that precedent into perspective is to remind ourselves that the Soviet Union isn't France.

2. The satellization of subordinate layers of bureaucracy, by Brezhnev, was a dazzling political accomplishment. The price of accomplishing this was to give regional and sub-regional leaders security, and perquisites. Andropov will need either to reassure that bureaucracy, or to disembowel institutional Russia.

3. The main reason for doing the latter is that Brezhnev paid a very high cost for freezing the status quo and guaranteeing tenure on down the line. What he did was to freeze the Soviet economy, with the result that it is, now, in chaotically bad condition, with progressive shortages of vital materials, including food. In order to restore the economy to any semblance of health, a terribly strong laxative would need to be administered. Andropov would need to do this, or to suffer the consequences of progressive economic deterioration, and there is a question just how far a society can deteriorate, even as the human body, if one lowered its caloric consumption by one calorie per day, would reach a point where organic damage resulted. In short: Andropov has to do something.

4. The United States has no reason to alter its present policies, and Andropov would know this intuitively, even if Mr. Prime, of England, having broken our secret codes, hadn't informed him long since of contingent American planning. Mr. Reagan is too smart to attempt to cash in on the inevitable wobbliness that comes after the king dies. And too smart to give his successor the impression that the U.S. assumes that all is now well, Caligula having been succeeded by St. Francis. □

REAGAN'S McCARTHYISM

New York, Nov. 20—There is consternation in the usual quarters over Mr. Reagan's last press conference, the one in which he gave his reason (too busy) for not attending the bash in Moscow (that's what it was: one does not define as "grief" what overwhelms the international community when a tyrant dies). It was the conference in which Mr. Reagan said, Sure, he hoped to get along with Mr. Brezhnev's successor, but that it takes two to tango (indisputable), that the Soviets are ahead of us in nuclear resources (true: where are our SS-20s in Europe?). But what really did it was Mr. Reagan's statement that agents of the Soviet Union are helping to "instigate" and "create" the big freeze movement.

For some reason, most American adults like to believe that their convictions are all home-grown. The same country that, *in a different mode, is ready to acknowledge* that, oh, a billion dollars per year spent to convince us that to drink Coca Cola is to pause to refresh, boggles at the notion that habits of other kinds can have generated as the result of suasion. Everyone knows that most of those celebrities who get up and recite the joys of driving a Jaguar or of shampooing one's hair with Prell or what have you, may not ever have stepped inside a Jag, or can't recognize one shampoo from another. They are celebrities-for-hire, and will endorse anything from rat poison to invisible ink for commerce. Well, for one thing, Soviet propagandists are also paid to do what they do. But for another, those driven in the service of ideology come very cheap. Ordinarily they do not ask for compensation of any kind this side of believing that they are furthering an idealistic cause.

Suppose, just to suppose, that you commanded the services of one thousand men,

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that your budget was unlimited, and that your objective was to damage, or even preferably, to destroy, the Sunny Cereal Company, manufacturer of the famous Sunny Oatmeal, Sunny Flakes, and Sunny Wheatbread. You and your cadre meet at an obscure resort, say in Mexico, and plan a campaign. The idea is to spread the rumor that Sunny products are carcinogenic; that Sunny has privately contracted with prominent doctors to give it a hygienic clearance. That in fact ninety thousand deaths are related to the consumption of Sunny products every year. That foreign medical specialists are considering a ban on the importation of Sunnies, but are keeping their researches private. That all of the above needs to be circulated with some care because Sunny has a legal hit team that will drive a newspaper or radio station to the brink of bankruptcy if the truth about Sunny is ventilated. The cadre breaks up, and fans out into the country to contact its agents, who are everywhere. Isn't it reasonable to assume that the probabilities are high that perfectly innocent people will find themselves, so to speak, out in the streets, protesting Sunny, and in a matter of weeks?

The day's mail brings in a biography of author Norman Mailer. In the photo section is a picture of five people, with a caption: "Assembled for a 'world peace' conference in New York on March 25, 1949 were, from left to right: A. A. Fadayev, secretary-general of the Union of Soviet Writers; Norman Mailer; Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich; playwright Arthur Miller; and British delegate Dr. Olaf Stapledon. Mailer surprised the group with his strong anti-Stalinist viewpoint." Indeed he must have, since the world "peace" conference in question was the famous Waldorf Conference of 1949, which was an instrument of Soviet agitprop. Dmitri Shostakovich's posthumous memoirs reveal the torment he went through, parading throughout the United States proclaiming the peaceful intentions of Josef Stalin, who was about to detonate an atom bomb, and was maintaining a Gulag population of about 12 million Russians.

Why was Arthur Miller surprised by the expression of an anti-Stalinist viewpoint? Because anti-Stalinism was the opposite of what brought the delegates to this famous peace conference. Where they were lectured to on the necessity to understand the peaceful intentions of the Soviet Union all over the world, including in Eastern Europe where, a year earlier, the "suicide" of Jan Masaryk had been contrived, followed by the formal entry of Czechoslovakia into the great Soviet maw. Why does everybody think he's smarter than Arthur Miller, who was so foolish, along with so many others, in taking the Soviet bait?

"It was McCarthyism" columnist Anthony Lewis screamed about Reagan. "[McCarthyism] without Senator Joe's evil glint: genial McCarthyism. In a sense it was more worrying than the original. By all indications Mr. Reagan actually believes what he says about Reds and the freeze." Right. So do I believe it. Believe that everyone in favor of a freeze is acting on Soviet instructions, or is hoodwinked by Soviet propaganda? No, not everybody. But a lot of people. That's right, a lot of people. Thousands, even millions, of Europeans, persuaded that the Soviet Union, if the West disarmed, would also disarm. That conference in the resort town in Mexico is paying off. □

HOW TO SCARE YALE HALF TO DEATH

New York, Nov. 15 —The United States Information Agency, through the Voice of America, recently got around to planning a program for December 13. You may have forgotten what happened on December 13, and that of course is the point. It will have been one year since the Soviet Union's instruments in Poland declared martial law, which a few weeks ago evolved into the formal dissolution of Solidarity, the great labor-union movement around which the hopes of the Polish people for just a little taste of freedom clung. What to include in an hour-long program commemorating that sad, outrageous day?

Why not, suggested Mr. John Shirley, an official of the USIA, include a choral group singing "Let Poland Be Poland?" Why that song? Because it was composed only a few years ago, by Jan Pietrzak, a Pole, and was adopted by Solidarity as its theme song. The general idea, one supposes, is for the United States, via its official broadcasting resource, to advise the people of Poland that America has not forgotten the national aspirations for freedom, of which this was the musical symbol.

Well, what choral group? There are endogamous instincts everywhere, and it happens that Mr. Shirley is an Old Blue, so he relayed the request to the Yale Glee Club, a venerable organization, well known, which occasionally makes international tours. The director of the Glee Club, Mr. Fenno Heath, agreed to participate in the VOA program.

But there was an administrative routine to attend to, the permission of Yale's administration. President A. Bartlett Giamatti said: "No.

"*What?*" the USIA people said.

"No."

"Why not?"

Yale preferred that the entire matter slither away into the memory hole, but this was not to be. An enterprising young supply-sider (who had sung in the Yale Glee Club only a few years ago) called to ask if it was all true, and what was Yale's statement on the matter. There was no such statement, only universal silence. But, the spell having been broken, Yale worked over the weekend and came out with the following:

> The University turned down the State Department request to have the Glee Club especially record for the USIA the Solidarity Anthem because the University does not take sides or lend its name to one political cause or another no matter how compelling that cause may be or how sympathetic members of the central administration may be to it. To do otherwise is to create a precedent whereby the university is compelled to pick and choose among various political causes.

Poor Yale. Imagine dragging its name into political issues.

If the Yale Glee Club can't express itself on Polish freedom, how is it that Yale's president can express himself on anything at all? In recent seasons Mr. Giamatti has struck out at Moral Majority. He has denounced the awful dangers of a prayer amendment. And he has endorsed continued federal aid to higher education. Would he feel free to speak in favor of Polish freedom? Or is it his point that what the president of Yale does, does not commit Yale, in the sense that what an undergraduate organization does, does commit Yale. If that is so, the president of Yale underestimates his ranking in the general public understanding. If the Yale Political Union were to vote in favor of food stamps for lesbians, the typical old grad would shrug his shoulders and say, well, kids are kids. They'd look up if President Giamatti came out for this, which he hasn't, as far as I know.

What we have here is the absolute bankruptcy of the theoretical pretensions of academic freedom, which pretend that a university does not take sides. When the Soviet Union sent tanks into Hungary 25 years ago the association of Swiss universities formally denounced, in the name of all Swiss students, the outrage. Thanks to the Yale administration, the people of Poland will traverse the anniversary of their tragedy under the impression that Yale's Glee Club will not sing, because its voice is that of a eunuch.

Perhaps a glee club representing a university less fastidious than Yale will volunteer to risk its reputation by siding with the men and women of Poland, against their complacent tormentors, who are reassured to know they have nothing to fear from Yale University. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A dynasty that once ruled China — 39 92 76 112 58 85

B. An inhabitant of a Northern European nation — 49 3 68 151 147

C. PET LOOT ME (anagram) — 61 37 132 127 142 125 96 6 155

D. A capital Eastern city in U.S. — 156 87 69 59 97 111

E. A country in Northern Europe — 84 100 54 91 113 72

F. A type of jam — 2 93 128 153 13 141 45

G. What L. Frank Baum wrote — 20 33 8 70 80 46 74

H. A country in Western Africa — 26 14 24 35 90

I. An imaginary being — 9 17 77

J. A means of passage — 79 88 62 145 15 114 102

K. A country in Eastern Europe — 124 116 50 144 101 25 63

L. Many babies are *born in this province* of South Africa — 150 78 64 89 117

M. A comedian's assistant — 29 138 40 66 55 134

N. What the little boy said when both his hoops ran backwards — 139 123 82 52 126 94 103 133

O. Leaves out — 4 22 34 57 65

P. A national museum in Paris — 110 136 16 146 41 56

Q. New Orleans newspapers — 75 18 42 67 109

R. An inhabitant of a Near Eastern country — 122 108 43 148

S. Frozen dripping water — 73 115 21 86 30 44

T. What a rooster carries wherever he goes — 51 131 135 104

U. An antonym of hard — 137 107 83 130

V. A street in Chicago where FDR once spoke — 152 5 19 27 36 71 81 1 105 120

W. What King Cole's musicians played — 154 106 7 121 47 31

X. Nansen's ship — 12 95 118 99

Y. A one-time Italian colony — 98 140 149 119 157 48 23

Z. The first name of Cleveland's second vice-president — 28 10 129 32 143

a. Precipitation — 38 53 11 60

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1568 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 V	2 F		3 B	4 O	5 V	6 C	7 W		8 G	9 I		10 Z	11 a
12 X	13 F	14 H	15 J	16 P	17 I	18 Q		19 V	20 G		21 S	22 O	23 Y	24 H	25 K	26 H	27 V
	28 Z		29 M	30 S	31 W	32 Z	33 G	34 O	35 H	36 V		37 C	38 a		39 A	40 M	41 P
42 Q		43 R	44 S	45 F	46 G	47 W	48 Y	49 B	50 K		51 T	52 N	53 a	54 E	55 M	56 P	
57 O	58 A	59 D	60 a		61 C	62 J	63 K	64 L		65 O	66 M	67 Q	68 B	69 D	70 G	71 V	72 E
	73 S	74 G		75 Q	76 A		77 I	78 L	79 J	80 G	81 V		82 N	83 U		84 E	85 A
86 S	87 D	88 J	89 L	90 H		91 E	92 A	93 F		94 N	95 X		96 C	97 D	98 Y		99 X
100E	101K	102J		103N	104T	105V	106W	107U	108R	109Q	110P	111D		112A	113E	114J	115S
116K	117L	118X	119Y	120V	121W		122R	123N		124K	125C	126N	127C	128F	129Z		130U
131T		132C	133N	134M		135T	136P	137U	138M		139N	140Y	141F	142C	143Z	144K	145J
146P	147B		148R	149Y	150L	151B		152V	153F		154W	155C	156D	157Y			

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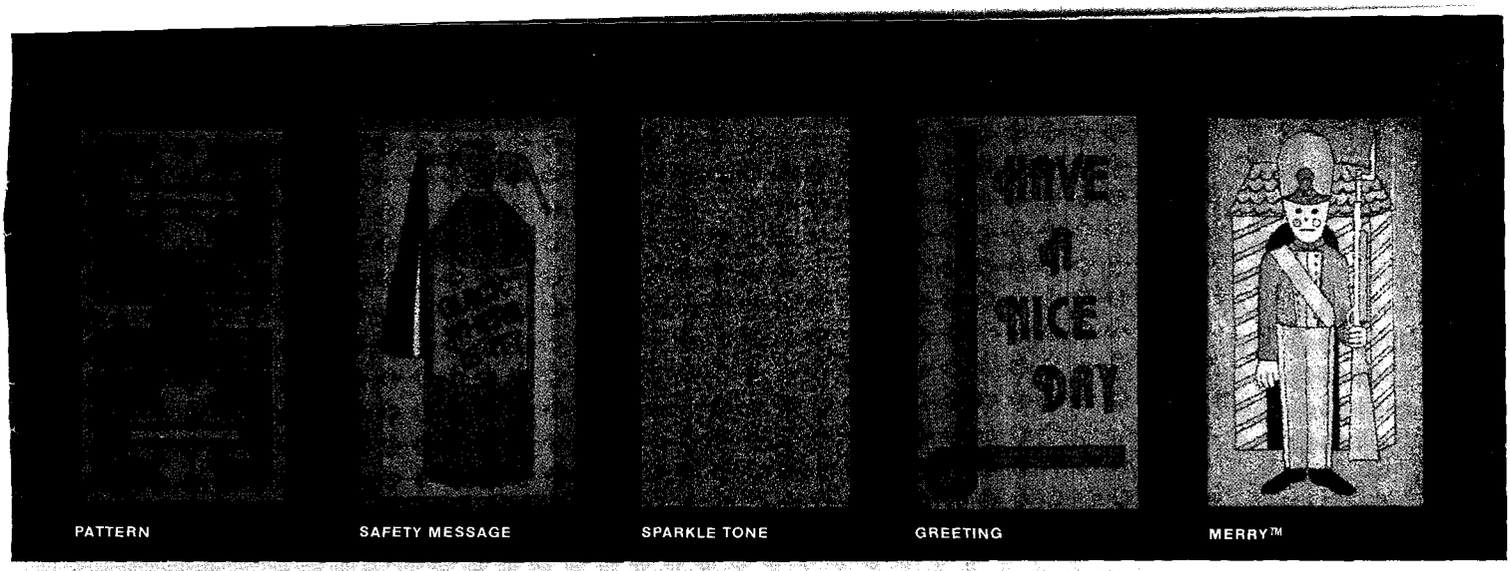

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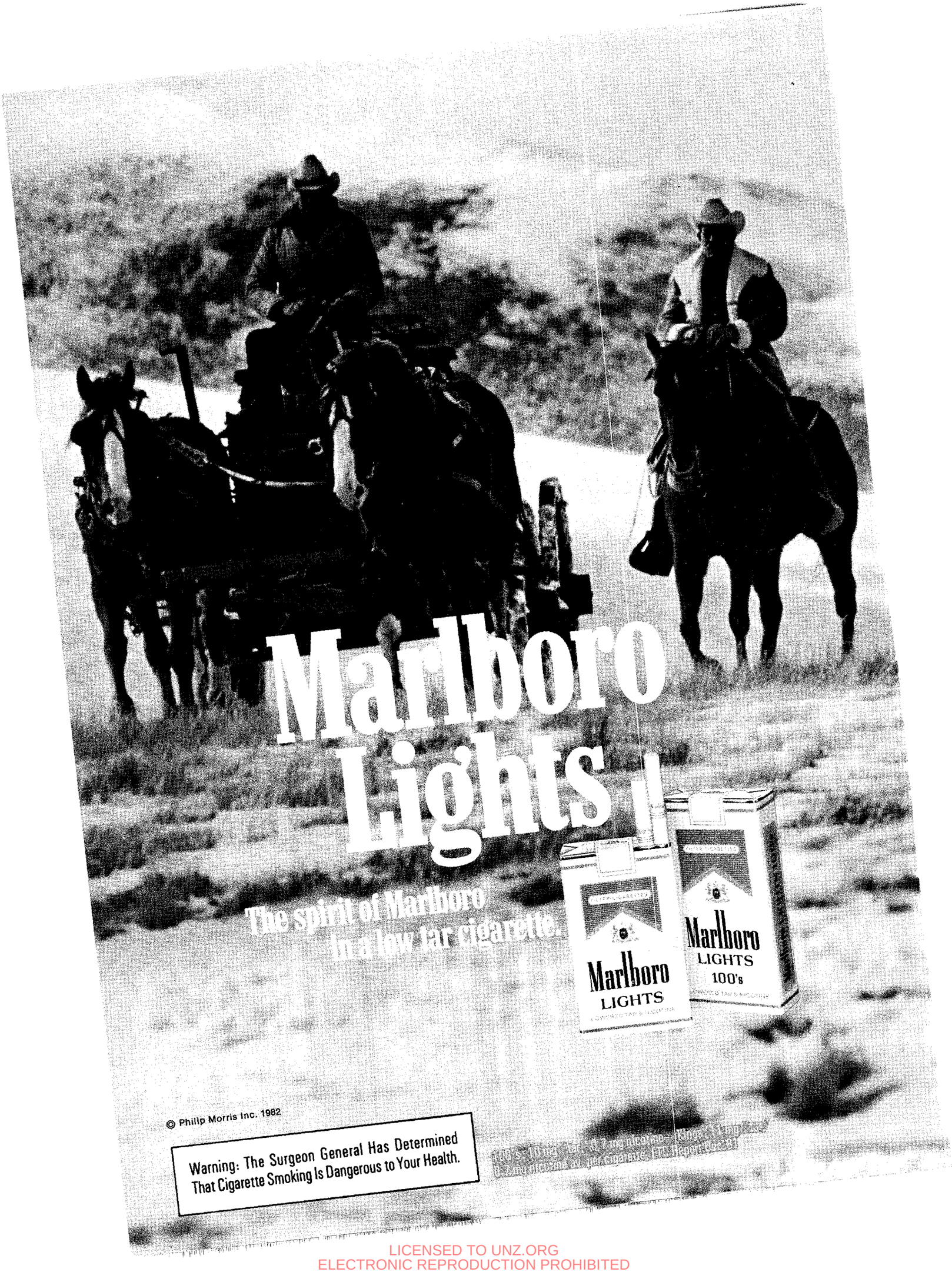

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